

# The TATLER

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London, May 6, 1931

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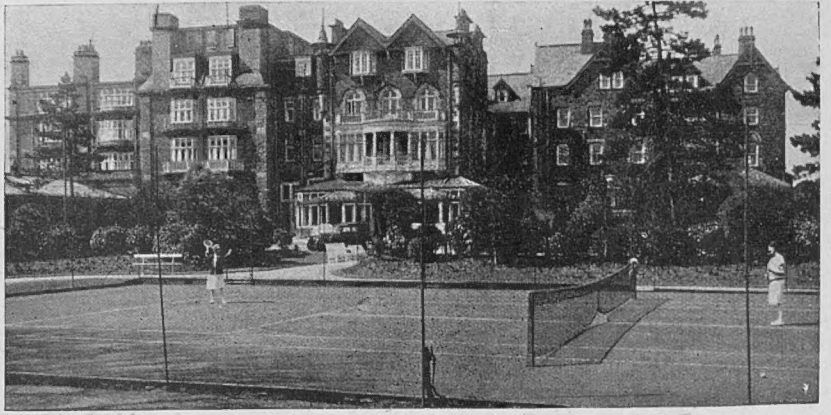
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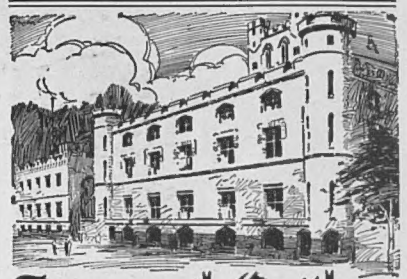
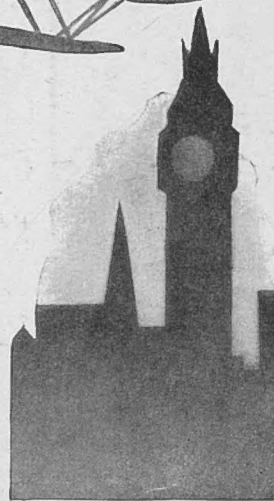
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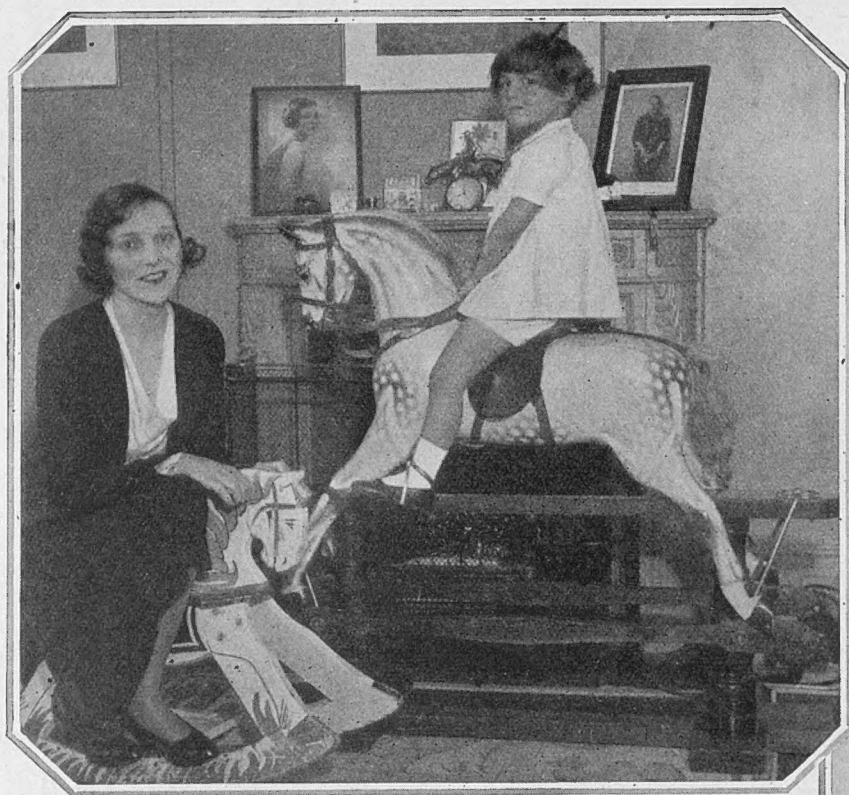


## TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S FIRST FILM

WITH CLIVE BROOK IN "THE TARNISHED LADY"

When Miss Tallulah Bankhead left us last year to go back to America something was said about a big contract in the States, and originally it was presumed that it meant a play, but it was this film, and it is satisfactory to learn that one of the best of the present day actresses on the legitimate stage has proved an equal success in this other medium. We shall see this film in London in due course and without any doubt. In the meanwhile we can gather from the American critics that it was a success, for they state that the reception was "glamorous!"





Swabe

MRS. N. M. D. GLEN KIDSTON AND HER SON ARCHIE  
Mrs. Glen Kidston is very well known with the Pytchley, but now that fox-chasing is over for the season her son has arranged what he considers the next best thing. His mother is doing second horseman for him

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.  
**H**OW now, my dear? Here in London I really think we are a fraction brighter. One reason is the return of the Princes, bringing with them their live-wire atmosphere which is what we need. Then the Budget is no longer an unknown horror, and whatever their views, people are at least relieved of the apprehension which precedes its pronouncement. Owing to this, perhaps, the opening of the Covent Garden Opera was almost impudently glorious. Everyone with a jewel to wear wore it, gloves were on every hand, and furs abounded also; not a little thought had been given to the designing of original headdresses.

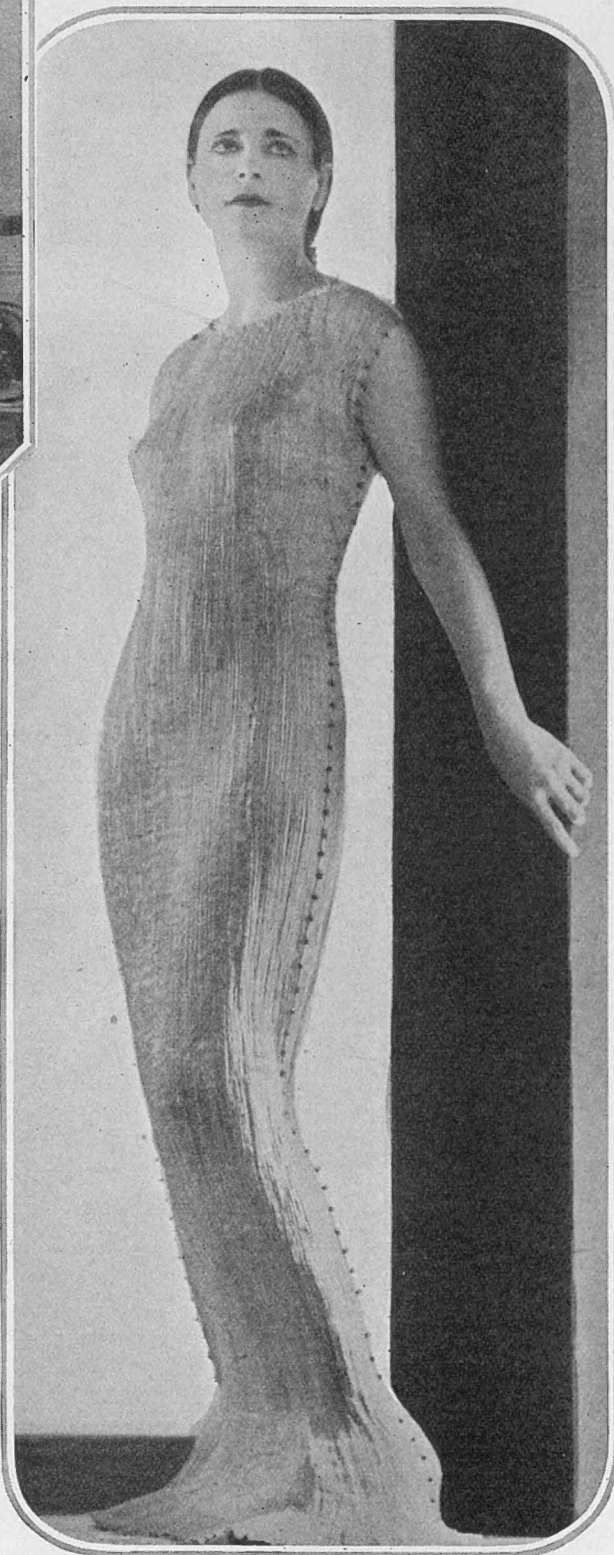
As a start to the more serious works of subsequent evenings, *Rosenhavner* is admirable. A first-night audience of this kind cannot consist entirely of people with "ears," and Strauss melodies please the most musically untutored, whilst the volume of sound is enough to launch even a London Season. Therefore the choice was good and the applause spontaneous, but attention is dreadfully inclined to stray with such a house-full of beauty and elegance to look at. It's a long time since the boxes and stalls have glittered so much; there is no doubt tiaras are very becoming, and have an enormous effect on deportment. You cannot loll and wilt while supporting the family jewels.

\* \* \*  
**T**he Duchess of York, who was with the Duke in the Royal box, naturally came in for a lot of observation, but in every direction one looked was there someone of importance and interest. The Duchess of Westminster's tiara has been freely described, its design, elevation, and substance being too fine for any reporting pen to resist, and certainly no one could have borne such jewels better.

Pink of every shade has come back to evening dresses with a rush, and is already challenging the white that was once uniform. Lady Zia Wernher was in one of the palest satin, and Lady Annaly another to wear this very becoming colour, whilst Lady Allendale chose red. Mrs. Snowden confessed to having had a tiring and anxious day, but was able to enjoy the music. Baroness d'Erlanger was a certain find in a distinguished Covent Garden audience; Lady Ludlow is also a regular opera-goer and has a box each year. Once start giving a list of names of others there, and the possibilities are unending. However, here are some: Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mrs. Claude Beddington in a pearl head-dress, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Claude Leigh, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, the Duchess of Norfolk and her daughters, and, of course, King Manoel of Portugal with his Queen.

\* \* \*  
**T**he smaller dances are far more enjoyable for the débutante who really is just coming out than the large and more alarming affairs which rather swamp the shy and diffident. For whatever critics

## The Letters of Eve



Joan Craven

MISS HARRIET COHEN, F.R.A.M.

A recent portrait of the beautiful pianiste in an exact copy of an old Greek gown, which gives her the appearance of a Tanagra statuette. Miss Harriet Cohen's reputation is world-wide, and amongst her many distinctions was that she was chosen to represent England at the great International Musical Festival at Salzburg. She won the Ada Lewis Scholarship at the R.A.M. at the age of twelve



may say about the precocity of modern youth, there are a lot of girls without much self-assurance. Some, of course, seem never to have been "in," so they have not so far to go.

All this leads up to Mrs. Serocold's dance which she gave in honour of her daughter, just grown up. Her sister, Mrs. Montague, contributed the house, and another one, Mrs. Henley, brought two daughters, both very attractive. One of them has just taken her degree in chemistry at Oxford, and is now doing research work on the subject, I'm told, of quinine. So much for your flibbertigibbets.

Lady Delia Peel brought her niece, and others there were

Miss Margaret Thesiger, Miss Catherine Horlick, Lady Katharine Lindsay, and Lady Joan Talbot. Also Miss Ann Charteris in white, and Miss Rose Bingham, two of this year's special *cuvée* of débutantes.

It is so difficult to introduce any variety into the description of a wedding, as the unusual seldom happens and I probably couldn't record it if it did! Miss Nell Ward's to Lord Stavordale was of the superlative sort, everyone looking their best in new

Nunwell, Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas, and Lady Wodehouse, better after a rather unfortunate winter, were a few who had come from various directions.

"Let's go on to the Savoy" is a frequent cry to be heard in theatre-land, and judging by the crowd usually to be found, little opposition can be made to this suggestion. On arriving there one evening, the almost unbroken sea of supping faces gave small promise of a vacant table. But with luck and the head waiter on your side there is always hope, and the raised floor gives everyone a chance of viewing the current entertainment.

Mr. Duff-Cooper and General Seely were well met in the hall, and familiar faces here and there belonged to Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley,



Balmuir

AT NORTH BERWICK: THE HON. ANNE YOUNGER

The younger of the two little daughters of Lord and Lady Younger. She is eleven and her sister the Hon. Elizabeth is eighteen. Lord Younger, who is the second Viscount, was wounded and got a D.S.O. in the War



Ian Smith

AT MUSSELBURGH: MAJOR SHOLTO DOUGLAS AND MRS. BOWHILL

In the paddock at the recent Edinburgh meeting. Major Sholto Douglas, C.B.E., D.S.O., who was formerly a gunner, has been Chief Constable of the Lothians and Peeblesshire since 1914. He married a daughter of the late General Sir James Wolfe-Murray, and a sister of Lady Sutherland, wife of Sir George Sutherland, late of Calcutta

spring bibs and tuckers. It was a West Country wedding of the first magnitude, and all Beaufortshire came to give the bride their support. Traffic in Trafalgar Square was congested beyond description, but everyone of importance got into the church somehow. Only the tall deserve to wear big hats, for a wide brim on a short stalk is very deranging in a crowd. Those of the bride's sisters, Countess Paul Munster and Mrs. Michael Hornby, were quite safe at their altitude and Mrs. Roland Cubitt's bright red straw successfully rose above the crush.

Lady Westmorland always looks attractive and very neat, and I forgot Lady Lettice Cotterell when mentioning a few who rise to considerable heights. Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander, who is one of the entertainers-in-chief of the Isle of Wight at her lovely



Ian Smith

CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE AND MRS. OGILVY

Leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral, Dundee, after their wedding last week. Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., is the second son of the late Earl of Airlie and of the Dowager Countess of Airlie, and his bride was Primrose, elder daughter of Mr. R. W. O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, the Bank of Ireland, Drogheda, County Louth. Lord Airlie, the bridegroom's brother, was best man, and also wore full Highland kit with the Ogilvy tartan as did the

little pages

Mrs. Arthur Crichton, and Sir Joseph Lacock, who had a family party with him.

Many black mittens showed that their wearers' fingers were in the latest fashion, which is a more becoming one than most.

The Café Anglais is another popular place towards midnight, and it was amusing to hear Douglas Byng improvise a song in honour of his namesake Fairbanks, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell. Whether the film star enjoyed these efforts as much as we did is not actually known. I fancied his appreciation was rather half-hearted, but Captain and Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson, Lord and Lady Blandford, and Mr. George Graves were lending attentive ears. Captain Jenkinson has taken to horticulture on a large scale, and he was responsible for the glory of the flowers at the début of the Dorchester.

(Continued overleaf)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Miss Mollie Burns, who became Mrs. Stephen Pilkington last week, has several claims to distinction. She comes from Leicestershire; she was the chief instigator of the memorable "baby" party which stirred Rutland Gate two summers ago, and she is sometimes known to her contemporaries as "Comrade Burns" out of compliment to her pretended Communistic tendencies. As usual she had a surprise in store for her friends at St. Margaret's—she was only a few minutes late in arriving.

Major and Mrs. Burns's daughter was a very composed and happy-looking bride, and obviously enjoyed every moment of her wedding. Two very small persons dealt with her train, the subsequent processors forming a turquoise blue gradient which led up to the very tall figures of Miss Rosemary Sandars and Miss Pamela Cuninghame. The bridesmaids' crystal haloes deserve special comment, and their extra long crystal earrings were enviable too.

Colonel and Mrs. Burns Hartopp lent 21, Cadogan Square for the reception, and were two of the many relations present. Mrs. Michael Barne is always easy to look at, and it was nice to see Mrs. Smyly quite recovered from her serious illness. Outside the family circle I observed Lady Tiverton in a blue frock and the merest suggestion of a hatting, listening interestedly to Sir Stephen Bull's description of conditions in Spain whence he has just returned. Miss "Tye" MacRae came with her younger sister, Margaret, for whom their grandmother, Lady Bute, is giving a dance next week.

Despatches dealing with Punchestown arrived too late for inclusion in last week's dissertation, but unpunctual news is better than none about so unique and important a happening. I say unique advisedly, for no sporting event is quite like this Kildare meeting; a sort of glorified point-to-point with a touch of Epsom and Ascot about it, superlatively sporting, and completely typical of Ireland.

The weather seems to have made a great hit by being almost consistently fine for two days. Both the stands had every inch of space occupied and the enclosures teemed with so many celebrated physiognomies that my reporter found it difficult to decide which most merited mention. Lady Honor Guinness, Miss Cecilia Keppel, and Lady Veronica Blackwood were together a good deal. The latter wore a jaunty little black astrakhan jacket over a grey check skirt, and her white cap was a good fit.

Blue was a hot favourite on the first day. Miss Verena Maxwell wore one shade of it, Miss Olive Plunket another, and Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, a third. She was staying with the Plunkets at St. Anne's, where fellow guests were Miss Myrtle van de Weyer and Lord Churston.

Mrs. Connell was being hailed by friends in all directions. She is the new Joint Master of the Meath, and everyone is delighted at her sporting undertaking. Sir John and Lady Milbanke, she as usual very *chic* and lovely, Lady Mary Meade, Mr. Ivor Guest, Lord Granard and his two daughters, Lady Weldon, Lord and Lady de Freyne and Miss Patricia French, Lady Eva Forbes, Mrs. More O'Ferrall, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam were further ingredients of the enormous crowd.

Lord and Lady Fingall had a great welcome on their return to Ireland from Egypt. Lord Fingall has now, I understand, retired from military exercises, and he and his wife are to settle at their lovely place, Killeen Castle.

L.K.A., Olympia 13 and 14—thus my diary reminds me of the important gathering of distinguished dogs which takes place next Wednesday and Thursday. The Open Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association is one of the best of the year, and several new plans have been evolved for the 1931 edition.

There is to be a "General Obedience Class," in which diverse breeds will vie with each other in giving prompt attention to orders. This will be judged on the second day when the children's classes and the V.C. dogs, life-savers all, also have appointments in the ring.

You'll never guess what's been arranged for the evening of the first day; nothing less than a canine cabaret, the performers being three Alsatis. \* Can you beat that?

\* \* \*

It struck me that in the sculpture of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, on view at Bumpus's in Oxford Street, one finds a direct link between the work of the old sculptors and modern distortionism.

Passing from the exquisite limpness of his "Sleeping Fawn" via "The Dancer"—as pliant as Eve in *Ever Green*—to the "Maternité" group with lengthened hands and "The Wrestler," whose limbs are of herculean quality, one seems to trace the genesis of the work of at any rate two modern masters—Epstein and Henry Moore. I was particularly fascinated by a plaster "Madonna," lent by Mrs. Hare. It was coloured in dull reds and blacks, and wore a high head-dress of ecclesiastical persuasion.

Gaudier-Brzeska was one of those brilliant young men whose promise was brought to an end by the war, and I wondered, as I looked at his chisel's work, in what direction his art would have led him in this year of grace.

Lord Henry Bentinck came to the opening. I also saw Mr. Cuninghame-Graham there, and Mr. Ede of the Tate Gallery, who lent some of the statues and drawings to the exhibition, and has also written a very moving life of the artist called "Savage Messiah."

\* \* \*

I enjoyed Newmarket immensely, though it was a pity the rain ran the big event so close. Seeing through a glass darkly is very tantalizing, and it was impossible to take a long view of the twenty-four aristocratic young gentlemen speeding for our benefit.

If you have guessed that I was among the many good losers present you have got the answer right, but Cameronian's triumph was quite popular. Sir Abe Bailey took the defeat of Portlaw most philosophically. He only returned from South Africa a short time ago, coming by

one of the new boats, the *Winchester Castle*, in which several stowaways insisted on travelling too. When Sir Abe embarks on a prolonged sea voyage a crate of live chickens always accompanies him, so that poulet, chaperoned by fried sole and fruit salad, can figure daily on his marine menu.

\* \* \*

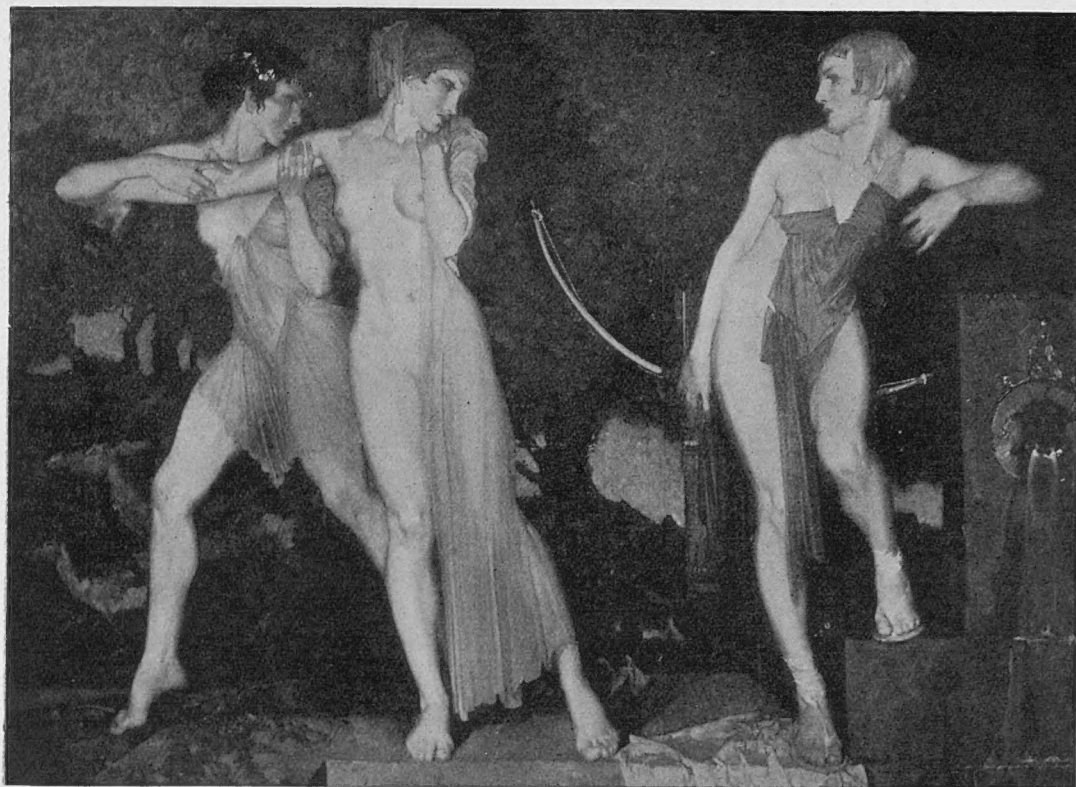
But to return to Two Thousand Guineas day. Persian lamb kept many people warm; Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner, Mrs. Edward Vyner, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker were all wrapped in this admirable *décor*. I picked out Miss Esmé Glyn as being one of the prettiest people present. She wore a particularly well-cut black suit under her fur coat and a roguish little black cap trimmed with a flat bow in front. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Lady Mary Herbert also looked attractive, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine's trio of what appeared to be snake-skin necklaces created quite a stir. No room for more.—Love from Eve.



BACK FROM THE WILDS: LADY DOROTHY MILLS

Lady Dorothy Mills recently returned from an interesting expedition into little trodden paths in the Black Continent and is here seen with some of the things she brought back with her. Lady Dorothy Mills is the Earl of Orford's daughter by his first marriage and the wife of Captain Arthur Mills, formerly in the D.C.L.I.





ARTEMIS AND CHIONE  
By W. Russell Flint, A.R.A.



THE BEDROOM  
By Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

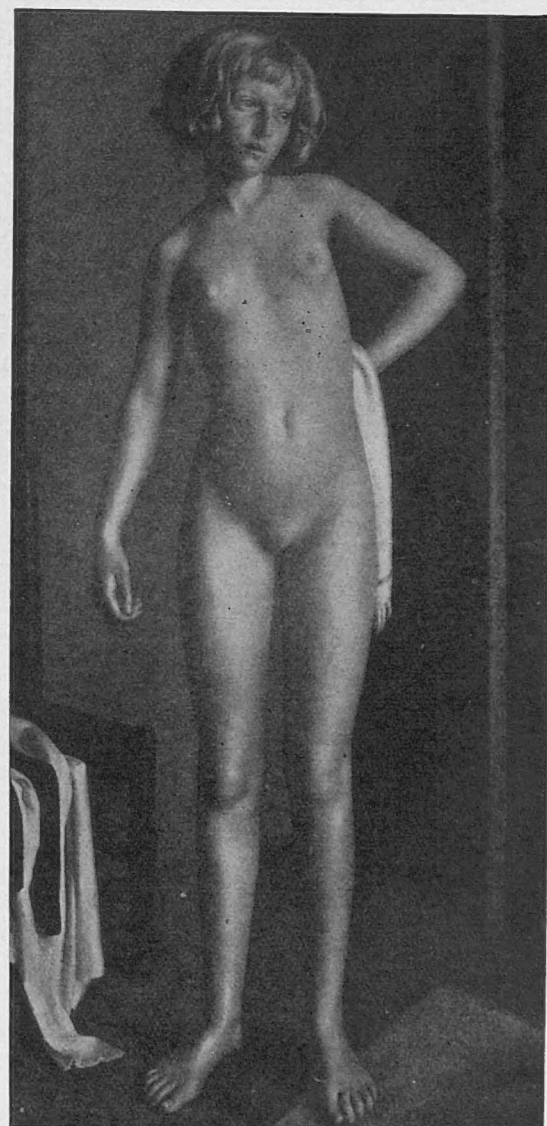


A FAMILY GROUP: By George Harcourt, R.A.



GIRL COMBING HAIR  
By Harold Knight, A.R.A.

Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., has expressed the opinion that the standard of technique and draughtsmanship in this year's Academy is considerably higher than it has been for some years past. This is a comforting assurance, since, as a rule, as each Academy comes round, we hear that it is "the worst ever." Nothing, according to some people's ideas, ever was as good as it used to be! In this page is a selection of some pictures which are certain to attract attention, especially Mr. Russell Flint's big canvas depicting the luckless Chione, who was killed by the jealous Artemis for daring to compare her beauty to that of the goddess, and a specimen of some of Dame Laura Knight's famous works. She has four pictures in this year's Exhibition. Mrs. Dod Proctor's graceful little picture is one of three which have been accepted



TALL CHILD  
By Mrs. Dod Proctor



# The Cinema : A Lovely Film

By JAMES AGATE

THE film world is at the moment staggered by the kind of surprise which occurs so regularly in all the other arts that one would almost expect it to be looked for. That surprise is nothing less than this: that the public, or some of it, really does like the highest when it gets the chance to see it. The chance in these matters is everything. I have no political opinions, though perhaps it would be better to say that my political opinions are of the strongest, approaching even to virulence, but that, having enough sense to know their worthlessness, I am content to keep quiet about them. Mr. Baldwin's place in history, therefore, shall not be determined by me; he achieved, however, something better than a mere Act of Parliament when he popularized Mary Webb's *Precious Bane*. It has often been said, and I believe Arnold Bennett was the first to say it, that if only one copy of a really good book were printed, and that copy were dropped in the middle of the Sahara, that book would still not die. But discovery may take longer than the lifetime of those in whose day the book is published, and among much that we owe to Arnold Bennett must be counted the fact that it was he who rescued *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* from the desert of public indifference. Who in the theatre would ever have thought that quiet little plays like *To See Ourselves* and *After All* would have made something of a furore? Who in the world of music would have believed that night after night in a jazz-ridden age audiences could be found to pack themselves sardine-wise into the Queen's Hall to listen to Beethoven? Some little time ago a film was produced having to do with life as it is really lived on the hill of Montmartre. The film bore no sort of relation to those popular orgies in which the descendants of Liane de Pougy and Cléo de Mérode couch themselves nightly on leopard skins, quaffing sparkling Burgundy out of golden beakers tended to their lips by nude Nubians. The film was not called *Paris Nights*, or anything of the sort. It was entitled simply *Sous les Toits de Paris*. It was at its first showing, and with a handful of highbrow enthusiasts, an enormous success. Then somebody, whose sanity must have been thereby suspect, suggested that the film should be publicly exhibited or, as theatre-folks say, put on for a run. Then somebody, whose state of mind thereby became certifiable, agreed, with the result that for three months the film has been a roaring success. It is a talkie, and, what is more, a French talkie. Yet this has proved no obstacle. Now one must be very careful not to deduce general rules from particular instances, and I am not prepared to swear that outside London and in places like Runcorn, Penzance, and Kidderminster *Sous les Toits* would be what is technically known as "a wow." This brings me once more to the old question, which is the disparity of aim between film-critics and film-producers. The film-critic wants a picture to be so good that it will stand up to educated taste, whereas the aim of the film-producer is to produce something which cannot be defeated by lack of taste.

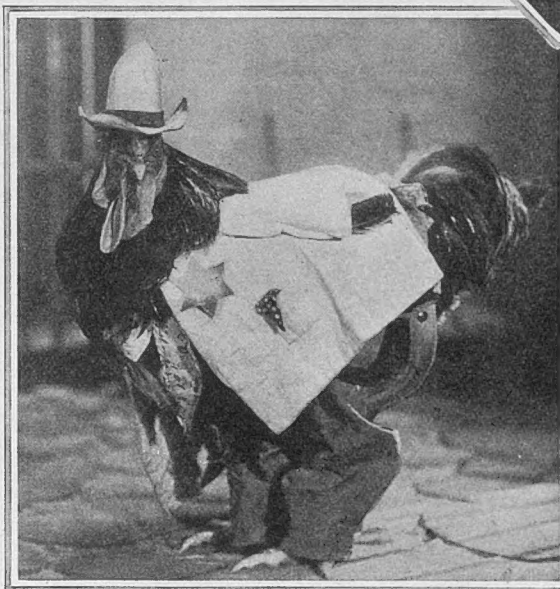
On two successive evenings last week I visited a small picture-house in Hammersmith and the Phoenix Theatre, and it seemed to me that the fare submitted, whilst giving the greatest possible pleasure to the type of audience for which it was designed, must have sovereignly displeased the other. I do not believe that the audience which at the Phoenix listened entranced to M. René Clair's new film could have sat out more than ten minutes of *Sailors Don't Care*, or whatever the travesty was called; and equally I don't believe that the audience at the little Hammersmith picture-palace, which by the way was not very palatial, could possibly have stomachied *Le Million*. This question of disparity is something which sooner or later

the film industry will have to face and solve, that is if it is solvable. There is a small but extremely keen audience for good pictures just as there is at Clacton, Cleethorpes, and Cliftonville an immense audience for



QUACK! QUACK! TO YOU!

Two actors doing crowd work in a stirring talkie called "A Fowl Affair," the leading lady in which is seen in the picture below



ALSO CLUCK! CLUCK!

Miss Genevieve Leghorn, called "Jennie" for short, who was recently signed for a starring rôle in a talking comedy, "A Fowl Affair," in which she plays opposite a Plymouth Rock rooster in a story which depicts love, villainy, drama, and comedy—a veritable burlesque of transpontine melodrama. It is the first time fowls, ducks, roosters, turkeys, and so forth have done this sort of thing

knows anything about film photography is in itself sufficiently staggering. The story might have come straight out of "The Arabian Nights" and concerns two young artists wedded to their mistresses, each other, and to penury. They are besieged by duns. One of them wins a million francs in a lottery, but alas! left the ticket in the pocket of an old jacket which his young woman has bestowed upon a sanctuary-seeking rascal who might have come straight out of the pages of "Beaumarchais." He sells the coat to an old-clothes dealer who actually is the head of a gang of thieves, and who in turn sells the coat to an opera-singer looking for a realistic garment for some Bohemian rôle. The chase now takes place behind the scenes of an opera-house during the performance of an opera, and as the tenor insists upon wearing the coat, everybody in pursuit of it, including the thieves' mob, snatches up any available disguise and masquerades as chorus. But to give any coherent account of what happens would be to defeat one's object. The story is pure nightmare, and its whole point lies in the character-drawing, the wealth of burlesque, and the amazing pictorial quality throughout. There is not a single shot in the whole film which might not have proceeded from the brush of a modern French master. The music is delicious, and the acting throughout as good as you will see in any theatre in Paris. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the film can be enjoyed even without any knowledge of French.



## SELECTIONS FROM NEWMARKET



LORD ILCHESTER AND MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN

THE HON. ESMÉ GLYN

COLONEL AND MRS. BECKWITH-SMITH AND LADY SOPHIE SCOTT

MAJOR J. A. HERBERT AND HIS  
WIFE, LADY MARY HERBERTLADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER AND  
THE HON. MRS. H. TUFTON (right)LADY ALWYNE COMPTON-VYNER  
AND MRS. EDWARD VYNER

The first of the Classics inevitably draws a big concourse of distinguished spectators and last Wednesday was no exception to the rule. As usual the contestants of this important event came in for plenty of admiration, and the general opinion was that the appearance of the field was worthy of the occasion. Those who had pinned their faith on Cameronian and the Tote were well rewarded, for they received a dividend of over 21 to 1. The paddock provided other good opportunities for the observant. Lord Ilchester, whose son, Lord Stavordale, was married last week, was to be seen there, and his daughter, Lady Mary Herbert, and her husband were also in evidence. Lord Wolverton's daughter, Miss Glyn, looked particularly nice. Lady Sophie Scott takes racing seriously and so does Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner, who had her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edward Vyner, in support. Mrs. Henry Tufton is Lord Hothfield's daughter-in-law



# RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

SANDOWN for most people merely rounded off a bad week by making it worse. True, both of the two-year-old selling races were won by the favourites, trained by Victor Smyth and Wootton, and it would be a bad day for backers if this old custom was departed from. The Esher Cup was also won by the favourite, Light o' Love, a charming horse trained by Jack Jarvis, but several of the larger operators nearly had the horrors before Wragg landed the race with a rush that was just, and only just, in time.

Sandown has usually been a happy hunting ground for Clarehaven, particularly for the Pretty Polly family, who have nearly all won there, but at this meeting they were holding full houses against fours every time despite running a two-year-old and a three-year-old of the breed in Pyrene and Skibbereen. Rolling Rock, who will do better later on on more galloping courses, was the first to get beat owing to a slow beginning, and after that Formentor in the Tudor Stakes, Strongbow in the Athlone Handicap, and Pyrene in the Stud Produce Stakes. The latter ran up against a real hot 'un that the study of form couldn't legislate for. This was Tarte Maison, a very speedy two-year-old of the Aga Khan's who was pulling over everything all the way, and is probably a pretty good one. Pyrene has lots of room for improvement and will make a nice filly. For the benefit of those whose night school curriculum did not include French, I may say that Tarte Maison means "Home-made Pastry," a sickening form of diet which monotony has rendered distasteful to so many.

Hell's Bells is a nappy aggravating horse, and it was a good piece of work on the part of "Stephen" to get the "gay insolence" out of him and make him start with the others. The race was yet another short-head beating for his trainer.

Perhaps it is the improvements at Newmarket, giving more room, that give the impression of the attendances being smaller, but surely there was never such a thin crowd at a Guineas meeting. Even on the big day there was none of the old-time seething mass in "the birdcage," and it looked as though the staff of the totalizator was nearly as many as the people who used it. Times are bad, and people are hit in every way, but it is questionable whether the quarter of a million sterling per annum, taken directly from racing to pay for these buildings and their staff with hardly a sop thrown back, has not contributed to lessening rather than increasing attendances.

The Guineas itself must have been a complete upset for all concerned. Portlaw ran what he is, a brilliant sprinter and no more, though he will seldom if ever be beaten over short cuts. Lemnarchus, who is a good looking typical Friar Marcus, stayed but little better, and Cameronian, far the best looking of the lot, won in a trot after allowing the others to make the running. After

his performance at the last meeting and the fact that the first jockey rode Lemnarchus, who was almost favourite, one could hardly back the winner, but he was undoubtedly the class horse of the party. He has a most unfortunate way of hitting himself in front even when walking, and this may account for his solitary appearance last season, but unless he does it so badly that even his boots don't save him he looks a ready-made Derby winner. Dr. Dolittle, who was said to be mildly fancied, injured himself in the paddock, and his number was withdrawn. Probably the most popular win of the week was when old Burnside, racing over his favourite course, won his 11th race at Newmarket

through sheer battling, and the brim of Sir Walter's hat looked like getting straightened to normal under the strain of being removed so often to reply to congratulations.

A good many regulars start their racing with the first Spring Meeting, perhaps because of the rigours of the climate or in accordance with the sound maxims of the well-known sportsman who summoned his son to his death-bed and adjured him never to mix champagne and port, never to bet before the first Spring or after Goodwood, and never to hunt south of the Thames. Probably, however, it is more due to the start of the Season drawing people to London which is now rapidly filling up, so rapidly that the road-menders will be late getting Bond Street up. Nash's Club is becoming a rendezvous for a good many of the racing fraternity about cocktail-time, and it was there that I discovered a friend of mine dressed in his "claw-hammer" coat at 6.45 p.m. laying the foundation for the dinner he was about to "drink" with the most worshipful Company of Spirit Distillers or some such society. To my surprise I was told that he had taken up racing journalism, and was being written up as "moving in exclusive circles." Seeing him later in the evening there was no question they were right—that was exclusively what he did move in. At one time he used

to ride himself as an amateur, but on his own confession he was no good. "I got accustomed to being booed by the crowd," he said, "but when a disabled ex-Service man threw his crutch at me I thought it was over the odds, and I'd better give up"—a decision which seems to show a hyper-sensitive nature.

By the time this appears Chester will just be starting and there should be no need to warn the stay at home backer that on a course where even the five furlongs is a semi-circle betting without knowing the draw is certifiable. Good things come unstuck pretty frequently at this meeting, and the greatest certainty in racing once came undone when a three-year-old which a subtle gentleman was running in a two-year-old race whipped round as the gate went up and stood like a statue. Walter Griggs as far as I can remember won the race, and didn't know his luck till some time after.



HARRY BEASLEY AND MR. J. P. ARKWRIGHT

Mr. J. P. Arkwright is one of those who train with Atty Persse at Stockbridge and Harry Beasley is the stable jockey. Mr. Arkwright is a well-known personality in Warwickshire and married a daughter of the late Mr. Albert Brassey





A FIGHTING FINISH AT NEWMARKET

In the Thurlow Welter Handicap: Left to right—Mrs. Edgar Wallace's Maugre (Beary), Mr. Wilmot's Advancer (Carslake), Sir Walter Gilbey's Burnside (Sirett) the winner, Mr. Jenks Galette (Jenkins), and His Majesty's Beau Père (J. Childs)

News in Pictures



*Crisp*  
MR. D. N. MOORE, THIS YEAR'S  
CAPTAIN OF OXFORD

The rise to eminence of Oxford University's new cricket captain has been rapid. Last year Mr. D. N. Moore (Shrewsbury and Queens) was a Freshman. He was chosen as one of Oxford's opening bats and came fourth in the list of averages with 39.66. His highest score in first-class matches was 148 v. Notts at Nottingham. Mr. Kemp-Welch (Charterhouse and Sidney Sussex) who captains Cam-



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ESTORIL



*Crisp*  
MR. G. D. KEMP-WELCH, THE  
CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN

bridge this year got his Blue in 1929. He also is an opening bat (his average last year was 23.88) and is a useful change bowler. On his way home from South America the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Estoril, near Lisbon, and played a round of golf on its very picturesque course. In the picture on the left the British Ambassador to Portugal, Sir Francis Lindley, is presenting local celebrities to H.R.H.





LADY LATHOM

Bertram Park

The widow of the late Lord Lathom, who is the authoress of a brilliant book on Claud Monet, the famous painter. It has just been published by Philip Allan. Lord Lathom, who was himself an author and playwright, died last year.

inner recreation. To grow up surrounded by your own family, moving in those circumstances which you have known since a child, is to skirt the danger of never growing up at all. Never being allowed to grow up. Never being able to stand on your own feet or to know just how far those feet can carry you unaided by any outside succour. Such a period may be an unhappy period, it may be a very lonely period, but if character and its formation be the aim of life there is no finer education in all existence. It may probably be better to start at the bottom of anything; but if merely to start at the bottom is at the same time to know that influence will slowly but surely land you eventually at the top, that is a mere travesty of what I mean. The main thing is to pass through a period of life during which you can rely upon no one and upon nothing except yourself. That is the best education, the finest finishing school of all. There is nothing more tiresome than to live among people who will never allow that you have changed or developed; people who always remember you as you once were and only accord you the privilege, or deny you such favour, that has or hasn't been yours as a young man, if not as a boy. To be cut right away from your habitual environment may sometimes seem like a catastrophe, but it can also be a marvellous revelation. And whether it be pleasant or unpleasant doesn't matter very much; it's the revelation which counts. In Miss Susan Glaspell's new novel, "Ambrose Holt and Family" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), this theme is worked out so cleverly as to be well-nigh brilliant. Harriette, the heroine, was young, lovely, the daughter of a rich man. Everybody petted her. Her name was Harriette, but they called her "Blossom." Their attitude towards her was unswervingly "Blossom." She was her parents' plaything, her husband's pretty doll. Yet underneath how poor Harriette hated everything which had to do with this "Blossom" attitude towards her! She was in her thirties, the mother of two children, but she was never allowed to be any other than daddy's darling and hubby's "lovely flower." Her husband, Lincoln, was by nature a poet, by upbringing a poor boy; but he had married Harriette and her father had taken him into his business. Strangely enough, he made a success of this scheme, but at the expense of his talent as a poet. Harriette, however, only respected the business-man side of her husband; her devotion was towards the writer. The poet in her husband, however, ignored his wife; the business-man loved her as some bit of expensive and delicate decoration which symbolized the moneyed class towards which he had aspired and among which he had gained a foothold. Presently one learns that within this money-guarded family circle something is amiss. Lincoln's

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Being "On Your Own."

**Y**OU may say this or that in favour of, or against, a first-class public school education; this or that in favour of, or against, going to Oxford or Cambridge; but, when all is said and done, the very finest finishing school of all is to be "on your own" for a long period, with nothing to help you except your own wit, and no companion to keep you company other than your own gift for

father years previously had thrown up a good position, abandoned his wife and child, and become a tramp. For years nothing was heard of him until one day it was rumoured that he had returned to his home town and was living among the workmen down at the timber yard. Everyone thought, of course, that he had returned to blackmail his wealthy son. Consequently it was as a blackmailer that Harriette's attitude towards him was maintained at their first chance meeting. They go for a ride together in Harriette's expensive car; they talk; they become friends. For the first time in her life she realizes that here is someone who treats her as the possessor of an adult mind. For the first time she can talk, really talk to someone who does not whenever she speaks her mind suggest by his manner that she is only a charming girl talking about something she can, thank Heaven! know nothing about. They learn to love each other, not as family connections but as true, understanding friends. Yet the result of this friendship is for Harriette merely to alienate both her husband and her own family. The subsequent quarrel affords her the first chance she has ever had to prove her emancipation from mere doll-dom. Well, I think that this is the best novel which Susan Glaspell has ever written or, at least, written so far. It is a story of ideas, a story of real people, written nevertheless with a lightness which is entirely entertaining, yet never hides the fact that beneath it all is a real human problem—the problem of the stultifying effects of being surrounded by too much "family," by too much mushy affection, by too much moneyed security.

Thoughts from "Ambrose Holt and Family."

"One should not know that it is sacrifice; one should know only that it is love, and natural to do."

"The more you see of people the more you see that they are very much the same—surprisingly alike, in view of the number of people there are."

"We long for what we haven't. Things not had are precious."

"You can't make a programme for a woman—with a woman."

"Honesty commands honesty, which is one of the best things you can say about it."

First-rate Autobiography.

**I** never know why it is considered something approaching "bumptiousness" for a man to write his own life-story. Every life-story, even the very dull-est, is far more interesting than fiction, that is, if the life-story is told without, so to speak, a belief that "good opinion" and perhaps posterity will be listening at the key-hole. One becomes so tired of people explaining how really good they are beneath outward appearances. A bit of honest badness makes the whole world kin; seeing that we all of us, without exception, are vulnerable to brickbats, hurl them at other people as we may. Which is why some reminiscences are so dreary, and too often the Great never once emerge



MR. D. C. CUTHBERTSON

Who has just embarked—and most successfully—upon the sea of authorship. His book, "Highlands, Highways, and Heroes," has just been published and has been well received, as it fully deserves to be. Mr. Cuthbertson is Managing Director of Messrs. D. C. Cuthbertson and Co., Ltd., advertising agents of Glasgow

(Continued on p. 238)



## INSUPPORTABLE SUSPENSE

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



First Lady: 'Usbands ain't no good—all they wants yer for is to sew on their trouser buttons

Second Lady: Yer ought to do as I do—leave the buttons off—that brings down their pride and arrogance

Mr. George Belcher opened the first exhibition of his works since his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy at the Wertheim Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W., beginning as from Saturday last, for two weeks



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

as real men or women from the Life which is written around them. Consequently, I welcome with both hands Mr. Cecil Roberts' autobiography, "Half-Way" (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Roberts is only thirty-five, therefore are we spared those last beautiful chapters upon which most self-written lives end—chapters shovelling out forgiveness and Christian toleration almost as a holocaust of brightly brave farewells. At thirty-five a man still has "kick," and an autobiography without "kick" is like a cocktail without gin. "Half-way" has the "kick" of reality in it all right. Nothing of the writer's inner life, perhaps, but a great deal of worldly wisdom culled from experience. Best of all, he has written his autobiography as a story. He skips all those tiresome early years and school chapters over which elderly autobiographers usually linger so lovingly and oh, so long. We are not introduced to uncles and aunts, are not taken to children's parties; his head has not been patted by any Edwardian potentate. In fact, there is no home-life at all in the book, except a few, brief, but very loving references to his mother, who was for years an invalid and with whom he lived happily as a boy and youth on a pittance which really does merit the eulogy, "Women are wonderful," and which has nothing whatever to do with their driving a motor-tractor or being in the Cabinet. On the other hand, there is a life story revealed in it which is packed full of incident, change of scene and circumstance, all the fun of a life passed alternately as a civil servant, journalist, war correspondent, schoolmaster, editor, parliamentary candidate, novelist, traveller, and lecturer in America and elsewhere. Briefly, action not introspection. And all so vigorous, so full of life, so san-fairy-ann (if I may be permitted that bit of old war slang), so full of common-sense, so little pompous, so independent, and so jolly. A whirlwind of energy, anecdote, and things worth reading about. The War memories among the most interesting I have read. Little to do with battles and the mistakes or otherwise of the High Command. Briefly, the vivid account of what happened immediately after the declaration of the Armistice in the French occupied territory and in Belgium, especially in Spa where, of course, the Kaiser's headquarters were situated before his ignominious flight. Interesting, too, as well as amusing, is his account of his visits to America, and the kind of life which a literary "lion" has to endure if he would make himself a box office attraction, especially in a town which had previously only heard vaguely about him. In fact, anything approaching dullness is completely absent from the pages of this book. Especially there emerges from the pages a personality which is distinctly likeable. Restless, perhaps; a trifle peace-shattering, but undoubtedly attractive. So attractive that I, for one, hope Mr. Roberts won't wait until he is seventy to let us into some more secrets of his busy, changeable life. The natural likelihood would be that I shall not then be here to read it. And I should so hate to miss any such sure fine entertainment as the next thirty-five years of Mr. Cecil Roberts' life is sure to provide.

## Thoughts from "Half-Way."

"Youth without intense ambition is poor stuff, and ambition without egotism is unknown."



SIR OSWALD  
MOSLEY, M.P.

By Author

The New Party fathered by Sir Oswald Mosley, the Labour Member for Smethwick, is not the first of its kind in the history of the Mother of Parliaments, for other Dissenters have arisen in the past and flung themselves into the blue like brilliant comets from the parent planet. No one would be so venturesome as to predict that a new heaven and a new earth can be created by anyone, because so many have tried and failed

"Good taste is no longer a virtue; it is a definite lack of a sense of publicity."

"Amid the international dementia of those War days nothing was quite so ludicrous as organized religion."

"When a government begins to give away money two things inevitably happen. It becomes a target for all the scallywags. To protect itself it begins the compilation of formidable rules that eventually cripple its good intentions."

## A "Joy" for any Small Child.

There is no "close season" in children's books, I suppose. When it isn't Christmas there's a birthday in the "offing," and when there isn't a birthday there is always that unexpected "surprise" which brings such joy into childish hearts. And for any of these occasions, I have just been reading a little book which would surely prove ideal. It is "The Journeyings of Selina Squirrel" (Methuen. 2s. 6d.), written and illustrated by Miss

Dorothy Burroughes, whose "Amazing Adventures of Little Brown Bear" had such a success a few months ago. Her new little story is just as amusing, just as full of entertaining "unexpectedness," and even more enchantingly illustrated. I belong to that brigade of grown-ups who, reading "The Evening News," will never dream of missing the "Furry Films" therein, and so any animal story in which the characters act like human beings, but in a much more jolly way than any human beings ever acted, immediately appeals to me. Consequently, Selina herself; the Dido and her three daughters, Miss Wink, Miss Tut, and Miss Euphemia; Captain Seal, and all their mutual adventures amused me tremendously. And when I had come to the end of Selina's adventures I was doubly amused by looking again at Miss Burroughes' delightful illustrations.

## A Dull Effort to be Daring.

I must confess that I found Selina and her confederates infinitely more jolly than the characters in H. C. Asterley's novel for grown-ups, "Rowena Goes Too Far" (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.). It is the rather stupid and not too well-written story of an almost incredibly beautiful woman. Because the Lady Rowena Gerberoi lost the only man she had ever or could ever love, in the Great War, she revenged herself on fate by seducing almost every presentable man she came across henceforward. One of them kills her at the end, nor do I blame him in the least. The woman explains for pages how justified she is in her pursuit, but the only real explanation she gives is a certain reason for being an exceedingly dull woman. We will, however, grant her beauty, because her physical charms are stressed and described until we are almost mesmerized into belief. On the other hand, Julia Payne, the actress heroine of Jennifer Davies' new novel, "Fancy's Followers" (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), also very beautiful, is not nearly so tiresome. The most tiresome character in this book is Christopher Norton, once a curate, who forsook the Church for politics—undoubtedly to the advantage of the Church. He loved Julia who, in her temperamental, careless way was devoted to him; but he married Evelyn, whose social position would likely make his shares soar upward in the political stock market. But he was not faithful to her after she had helped him to "soar." Julia gave birth to a child and died. All of which may sound rather sordid and commonplace. But the author has woven into this rather commonplace theme the occult influence of Hoti, the Chinese god of mirth; chiefly, I imagine, to give the story a certain air of portentousness and mystery.





MR. FREDERICK AND LADY DORIA CHILDE

*Yevonde*

Above is a quite new portrait of Lady Doria Childe, the elder daughter of the 8th Duke of Newcastle, and her husband. Mr. Frederick Childe is in the Coldstream (Reserve). He and Lady Doria live in Nottinghamshire. Miss Marjorie Brassey, the young daughter of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, was one of the posse of pretty people who were in attendance last week on Miss Nell Ward when she married Lord Stavordale at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Dauntsey Park, near Chippenham, is Miss Brassey's home, and her dog, who is "making beseech" so engagingly, is a very favoured friend. Colonel Brassey, a brother of Sir Leonard Brassey, is Wiltshire's High Sheriff, and commanded the 1st Life Guards during the European War. Mrs. Brassey is a daughter of the late Colonel, the Hon. Walter Trefusis. She presented Miss Marjorie Brassey at Court last season

## Dogs do Make a Difference

With Special Friends:  
Mr. and Lady Doria  
Childe and Miss  
Marjorie Brassey



MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY

*Bassano*



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## The Scheme.

IN the near future, perhaps next week, it will be possible to give some information about the progress made by flying pupils at the twenty-three centres where instruction is being given under THE TATLER free instruction scheme; but at the moment I feel it essential to say something about the way in which the clubs and schools have co-operated in making the scheme a success. It has been impossible for me to visit more than a few of the centres, but from reports that have come in and from letters I have received it is clear that the scheme has been enthusiastically supported by club secretaries and instructors and by the heads of the flying schools. Everything has been done to cope efficiently with the rush of TATLER pupils, and to start them on their flying careers with the minimum of delay. Apart from the actual flying, the organizational work involved has been considerable, and our thanks are due to those who have so willingly given assistance.

As I write, there remain a few vacancies, probably because the week-end weather has been so bad for flying ever since the scheme was launched; but these will certainly be taken up on the first fine day, so that anyone who has not enrolled should do so immediately. One feature of the scheme which, judging from my letters, has particularly impressed many people is its simplicity. You merely drive up to the nearest aerodrome with your TATLER coupon, and in a few moments you are having your first flying lesson. There are scarcely any formalities or delays; as I remarked before, the wish is father to the flight. Among the pupils at the places I have visited there is the greatest keenness as to who will be in the chosen six for further instruction, and as to who, afterwards, will be the scholarship pupil. The mild competitive element seems to have lent spice and humour to the whole thing.

## Air Service Training.

Air Service Training, Ltd., the new flying school at Hamble, has been opened under Group Captain Barton. An important and interesting feature in the training it offers is the blind flying course. Mr. T. S. Sprigg in "Airways" has recently pointed out the increasing need for adequate instruction in blind flying and has mentioned the new course which has been begun at the Royal Air Force Central

Flying School at Wittering. Much too little attention has been paid in the past to blind flying, and accidents will decrease and the average number of days on which flying is possible and practical will increase when more people know how to fly blind. The Air Service Training Course includes hood

training, a system in the development of which I played a small part when I was in charge of the experimental flying at Orfordness in 1918. The hood, like a pram hood, comes completely over the pupil and allows the conditions of cloud and fog flying to be simulated while at the same time the instructor has a clear view, and so can see that there are no collision risks. The course offered at Hamble includes the correction of awkward positions created by the instructor, the changing of course, and the multiple-point cross-country flight. In all, 9½ hours' flying under the hood are done, and with the first-class instructors who have been engaged that should be sufficient to give complete confidence.

This blind flying course will be of value to private pilots who can take the instruction on an Avion at the reduced rate of £6 an hour. It also forms part of the Commercial Pilot's Course. It is in respects such as this that the new school ought to prove extremely useful. It can give absolutely complete training in any branch of flying, and it should turn out pilots who know; who know that they know and who know that they know that they know. All the courses give evidence of having been thought out with great care.

## Second Hand.

To-day the Used Motor-car Show opens, and this year some used aeroplanes will be exhibited at the same time. Much of the satisfaction of buying an aeroplane disappears when it is a second-hand one. It does not seem to come to its owner with the same attractive virginal flush and it takes much longer to experience any real affection for it. But for those who positively cannot afford a new aircraft (and remember that at places like Selfridges new aircraft can be bought on the hire-purchase system) the second-hand machine may still be within reach. There is no risk in buying a second-hand aeroplane provided it carries its certificate of airworthiness. And the prices are down to below £400, sometimes to below £300, for machines which have many years of useful life before them.

Progress in light aeroplane design has been so rapid that any second-hand aeroplane is bound to be slightly out of date. So that it is well worth buying new, if possible, for practical reasons as well as for the sentimental reason mentioned above. But it is better to have flown a second-hand aeroplane than never to have flown at all, and many private owners have used second-hand machines as stepping-stones to new ones.

While on the subject of economical methods of flying it is worth remarking that the life of a light aeroplane has never yet been satisfactorily estimated. Depreciation is usually reckoned at 25 per cent., but this figure has little bearing on reality. In fact a carefully-used machine might give good service for ten years. There are instances of aircraft with astonishingly long, useful careers behind them. And it seems true of all such that the more they are used the longer they last. Aircraft seems to

(Continued on p. 22)



AT HESTON: MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT AND MR. GERARD D'ERLANGER

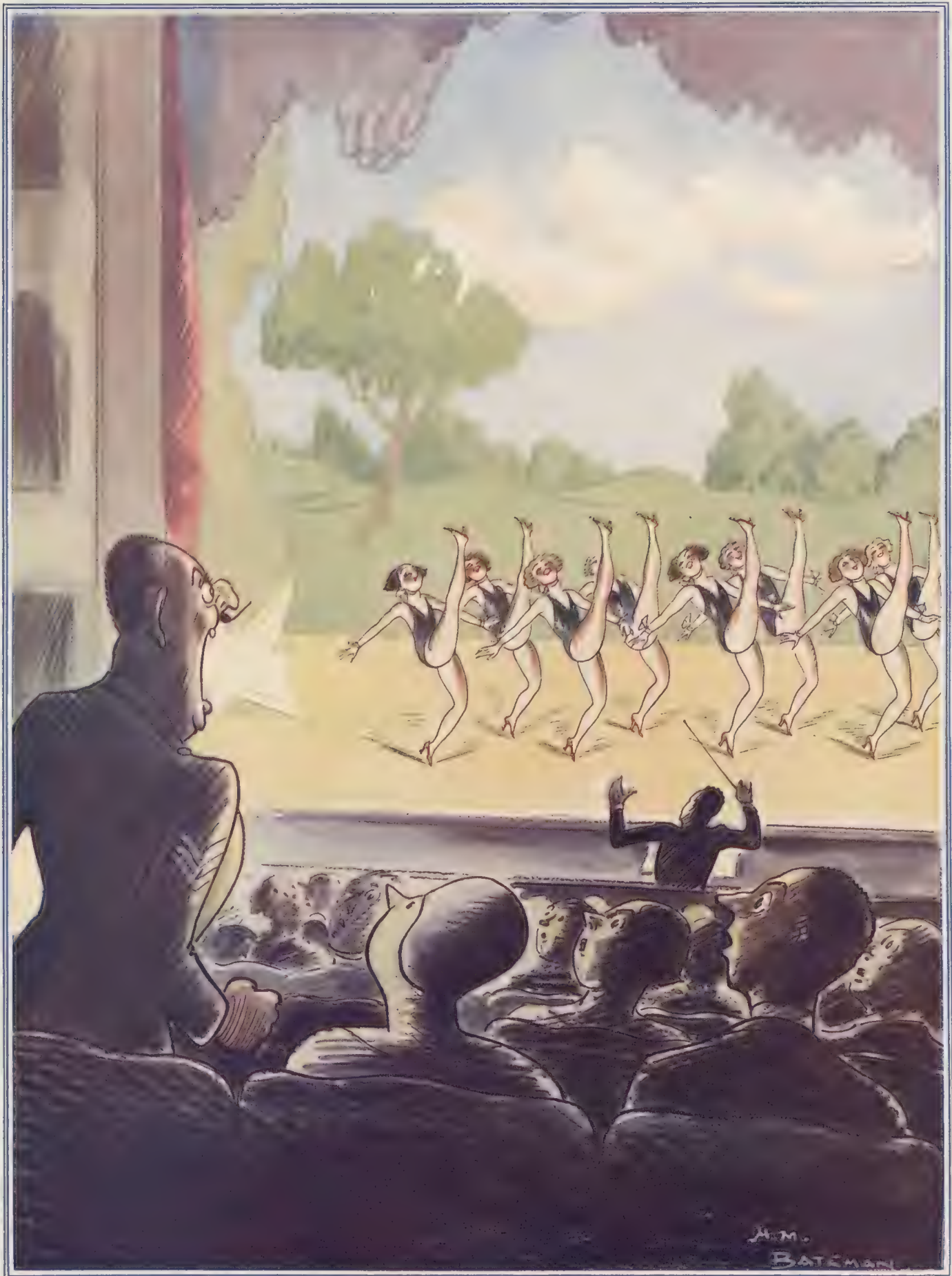
Mr. Whitney Straight has been putting in much flying time lately, his total in the air being more than 270 hours. The machine is the ubiquitous open-cockpit Moth



MR. ARCHIE SIMMS AND FLIGHT-OFFICER J. F. LAWN

Two well-known members of the Reading Aero Club. Mr. Simms has done a great deal to promote aviation in the Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire areas. Flight-Officer J. F. Lawn is second instructor at the Reading Aerodrome, and is famous for his clever stunt flying at many an aerial pageant. He was formerly in the R.A.F.

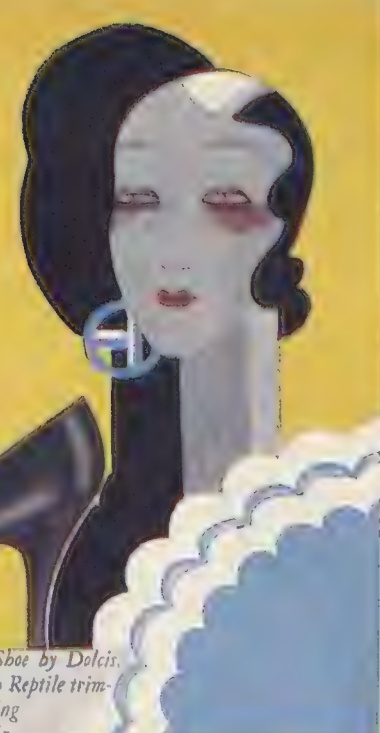





"FORM FOURS!"

By H. M. Bateman






STYLE 4058—New Season's model with Leather Cuban Heel. In real Python and Tan Willow Calf  
Priced at 22/6 pair



STYLE 7109—A new Instep Tie Shoe by Dolcis.  
Expressed in Black Matt Kid with Reptile trim-  
ming and Glace piping  
Priced at 16/9 pair

**DOLCIS**


You will find a DOLCIS SHOE SALON almost anywhere in London—Piccadilly Circus, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, etc., etc., also at Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and all large towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom.




STYLE 9024—Distinctive Walking Shoe.  
In Real Python with Tan Willow Calf  
instep. Also in Black Matt Kid  
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## MAINLY IN HYDE PARK



THE HYDE PARK EXPRESS

The Hons. Dudley, John, and Frances Ryder, Lord and Lady Sandon's children, Elizabeth and Anne Winn, and David Metcalfe playing "trains." Elizabeth and her sister are the daughters of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn and nieces of Lord St. Oswald. The four-year-old son of Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe was called after the Prince of Wales, who is his godfather. He has two very young sisters, Davina Naldera and Linda Mary, who are twins. Chubb Leach (below) is Newmarket's youngest trainer and was riding races up till last season. His fiancée, Miss Lily Hobson, is a sister-in-law of Harry Wragg



LADY LINDSAY-HOGG AND (left) MISS BENITA HUME

Hurrying away from a threatened shower after taking William Lindsay-Hogg for a perambulatory tour of the Park. Miss Benita Hume is the well-known English film star. Lady Lindsay-Hogg lives in Draycott Place



LADY JANE DOUGLAS

Lord and Lady Queensberry's little daughter giving a very good turn as a trick tricyclist. Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe (on the right) met their son David taking carriage exercise while they were walking through the Park



CHUBB LEACH AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS HOBSON



MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE



MLLE. MANON CHAUFOUR

A little sixteen-year-old French dancer, who has won a good many friends in Paris by her really good talent

TRÈS CHER,—I have taken an all-too-hurried but very enjoyable holiday and made a dash to the South. Paris was gloomily in the midst of a cold snap, and I had been present at a series of depressing First Nights. I simply had to get away. I went by road of course. Not that I am particularly fond of the over familiar highway of the Nationale 7 (*vide* the Michelin guide-book and maps), for I have travelled over it too often, but one does so need a car when one gets down to the coast, and anyway it is the cheapest mode of locomotion for two . . . to say nothing of the dog! I stopped off, of course, at Macon. One always does when one is by way of imagining oneself a bit of a gourmet, for one is quite unable to resist the excellent cooking of the ex-Kaiser's ex-chef who runs the . . . but why give such a well-known hotel any further advertisement? It is already over-crowded. Those who know it will agree with me. Those who don't won't realize what they are missing.

Second night: Aix-*en*-Provence and the Hôtel du Roy René. Pleasant pub. Roomy, agreeable of *décor* and plus-perfect of service. Pity the food is just—ordinary; there would be room there, in the kitchen for, say, Don Alfonso's ex-cuisinier! However, the bar possesses the most comfortable lounge chairs, and a barman who has an eloquent way with the shaker and good working knowledge of Adair's book, "Drinks long and short"! The last lap of the journey is one that I love. Don't mind how many times I have done it. That little picturesque ruin over the Esterel always sets my pulse racing. No! It's not only the altitude which, after all, is hardly worth

## Priscilla in Paris

mentioning . . . but the perfectly gorgeous view of that ridiculously blue sea and the absurd (seen from so far above) little villas of the coast—so exactly like the third-act scenery of a Bernstein play; and the wonderful scent of the new little *sapins* nicely roasting under the warm spring sun! We did all the usual things at Nice from dining *en gala* at the Palais de la Méditerranée to visiting a cinema-one-didn't-oughter (this is strictly between you and us!), and one, most satisfyingly, *unusual* thing to console us for the *banalité* of the rest of the week.

Have you ever heard of Lois Hutton and Hélène Vanel? Two girls who live at St. Paul, that most adorable village perched in the hills above Cagnes. It was in 1924 that they first set up their tent in that sun-drenched spot; they worked together, painting and dancing, and by and by they founded their tiny theatre and worked to the slogan of "Rhythm and Colour." Every Tuesday night they give a performance, and the *cognoscenti* come from far around . . . from Nice, from Cannes, from Monte Carlo, from San Raphael! Every inch of their stage scenery is painted and sewn by these two clever young women; they make their own frocks, arrange their own dances. Their success has been such that between whiles, when it is too cold for them to stay up in the hills, they have come north and have given selections from their show at Brussels and at Liège; they have also danced at the Empire in Paris and at the Vieux Colombier. Legrand-Chabrier, that most captious of critics, raves about them, so you can guess how eager I was to see them on their native . . . boards!

Their "season" began this year on April 7 and will continue every Tuesday evening till October 27 excepting (the programme tells us) on July 14 because that is the National Fête Day, and on August 11, for then the village itself is having its annual celebration! On ordinary Tuesdays admission is free, but the hat goes round at the end of the evening, and it is necessary, during August and September, to write in advance to reserve one's seat. On gala nights (only three of these during the season) the seats cost fifty francs; they are bespoken well in advance and not just Anybody's money is accepted! You should see the waiting queue of Hispanos and Rolls and Packhards . . . but don't run away with the idea that my young friends are snobs; the owner of the shabbiest flivver gets a front seat if he's a trusty pal or a mere *habitué*!

"The Rules and Regulations of the Theatre" are eloquent of the delightfulness of the two girls who composed them. One is requested "out of courtesy for Lois Hutton and Hélène Vanel": (1) To reserve one's seat in advance by sending a postcard to the theatre. (2) To inscribe one's name and address legibly, on arrival, in the register at the theatre. (3) To help "boil" the Blue Pot before leaving the theatre (the Blue Pot being the receptacle for the widow's mite and the millionaire's cheque!). "Out of courtesy to one's fellow spectators" one is requested: (1) Arrive on time. (The show begins at nine-thirty precisely.) (2) Not to bring one's dog. (With or without its bell!) (3) To watch one's cigarette. (4) To be silent during the dances. And lastly, but most emphatically, "out of courtesy to the inhabitants of St. Paul," to kindly refrain from making too much noise in the village on leaving the theatre! This last, I think, is truly eloquent. Can you think of many theatrical managers who care two hoots about their neighbours' comfort? Good girls, sez I . . . and love, Très Cher.—PRISCILLA.



MLLES. HÉLÈNE VANEL AND LOIS HUTTON IN "FAUNESQUE"

Two youthful dancers in the ballets at the St. Georges' Theatre, Cagnes. Hélène Vanel is the Bacchante and Lois Hutton the little Faun





### "UNFAITHFUL"—JULIETTE COMPTON'S LATEST

*Ruth Harriet Louise*

The beautiful American film star, who is English by adoption, and married Mr. Frank Bartram, is in a picture which is full of thrill, and is said to give the heroine plenty of opportunity. "Unfaithful" is by John Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," "After All," the latter still running at the Criterion in London, and many others, and with Juliette Compton are Ruth Chatterton, who is one of the best actresses on the movies, and also of course won her spurs first on the stage, and Paul Cavanagh, who belongs to us, and who made his stage début in London at the Garrick in 1926 and his screen début in 1928, after he had been in many good parts on the legitimate stage.

# NELLIE WALLACE

Celebrates an Important Engagement



MR. J. SELWYN SMITHURST, MISS FAY COMPTON, MISS NELLIE WALLACE, MISS EVELYN LAYE, AND MR. FRANK LAWTON



MR. TEDDY KNOX, MISS CLARICE MAYNE, AND MR. JIMMY NERVO



MR. ANTON DOLIN, MISS OLGA LINDO, MR. EDWIN STYLES, AND MISS JANE AYR



MISS RENÉE HOUSTON, MR. HORACE SHELDON, AND MISS ELLA RETFORD



MISS DOROTHY WARD, MISS ELLA RETFORD, MISS STELLA BROWNE, AND MISS NORA DELA VY

To celebrate the happy occasion of Miss Nellie Wallace's engagement to Mr. J. Selwyn Smithurst, which was announced recently, her fiancé "threw" this cheery party at his house at Warwick Square. All the great stars of the stage were present and the party lasted from 11 p.m. until 5 a.m. with song and dance and merry quip to keep things going. Everyone on and off the stage is so fond of Miss Nellie Wallace that the success of things was a foregone conclusion. On this page are seen some of the leading lights in detail and on the one facing it the party in mass formation. Miss Nellie Wallace, as the world knows, is one of the greatest comedienne of her time





### ON THE STAIRS AT MISS NELLIE WALLACE'S PARTY

The hostess, her fiancé, Mr. J. Selwyn Smithurst, and some of their distinguished guests at their betrothal party. In the absolute foreground is Mr. Horace Sheldon; left to right immediately behind him Mr. Selwyn Smithurst, Mrs. Marcus, Mr. Frank Lawton, Miss Renée Houston, Miss Nellie Wallace, Miss Evelyn Laye, Mr. Billy Marshall, Mr. Lea Leveson, Miss Nora Delaney, and Mr. Lackay, Miss Sophie Tucker's husband

The full list of those included in the picture is: Mr. Vivian Palmer, Mr. Douglas Byng, Mr. Edwin Styles, Miss Hilda Smithurst, Mr. Eddie Leslie, Miss Sylvia Smithurst, Mr. Sydney Roberts, Mr. Maurice Cowan, Miss Hilda Weber, Mr. Francis Lederer, Mr. Arthur Weeks, Miss Audrey Thatcher, Mr. Geoffrey Hope, Mr. Cyril Breeze, Mrs. Eddie Leslie, Miss Bridget Church, Mr. Kenneth Hudson, Mr. Mark Anthony, Mrs. Bert Erroll, Mrs. Frank Herbert, Miss Jane Ayr, Mrs. Edwin Styles, Mr. E. Harmer, Mr. Elwyn Evans, Miss Marie Douglas, Miss Fay Compton, Miss Norah Graham, Miss Stella Browne, Mr. Paul Comoy, Mrs. Bert Smith, Mr. Eric Wallace, Mr. Anton Dolin, Mr. Brian Lawrence, Mr. Cyril Church, Mr. Roy Hardy, Mr. Gordon Stewart, Miss Olga Lindo, Mr. Walter Tobias, Mrs. Williams, Mr. J. Selwyn Smithurst, Mrs. Marcus, Mr. Frank Lawton, Miss Renée Houston, Miss Nellie Wallace, Miss Evelyn Laye, Mr. Billy Marshall, Mr. Lea Leveson, Mr. Williams, Miss Nora Delaney, Mr. Horace Sheldon, Mr. Lackay (husband of Sophie Tucker), Mr. G. Elliott, Mrs. G. Elliott, Mrs. Davies

# THE PASSING SHOWS

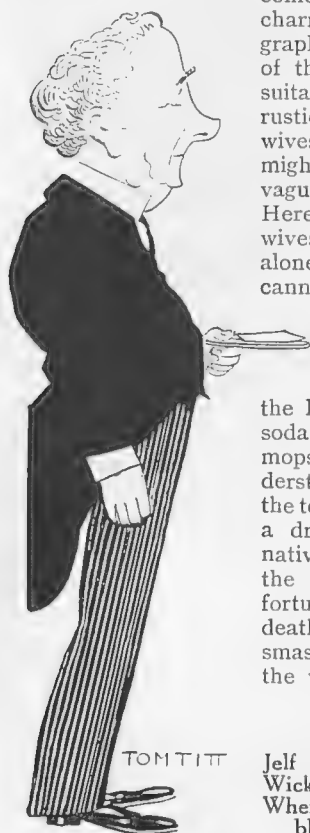
"Five Farthings," at the Haymarket Theatre



"THAT OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER OF MINE"

Bruce (Mr. Cyril Raymond) brought back with him from the wilds of Africa a picture of his mother—lace cap, armchair, lap-dog, work-basket, and grey frock—which even the earliest of Victorians might have considered slightly over-saccharined. In reality Mrs. Wickham (Miss Marie Tempest) was as modern as the hour, a business woman short of capital speculating in tea-rooms, house-agencies, pensions, and casinos on the Italian Riviera. Bruce brought her yards of lace; what she wanted was tons of money

AN instructive picture map of the world could be drawn to show the countries and peculiarities of those familiar characters which dramatists invoke to their aid like spirits of the living dead. Latitudes, longitudes, and the accepted outlines of the atlas-maker would hardly come into the composition. Half the charm of the old maps is their geographical inaccuracy. The Devonshire of the Phillpotts, or Garden of Eden, suitably embellished with centenarian rustics, dappled cows, and farmers' wives in plum-coloured bombazine, might conveniently tack itself on to a vague region labelled "East of Suez." Here, as one knows, the neglected wives of impoverished planters dine alone in shimmering confections which cannot be bought in Bond Street under 60 guineas a model. Here, as one also knows, bronzed men in white ducks sit about on verandas, glaring at each other and cursing the heat. After the fifth whisky and soda somebody raises his pith helmet, mops his brow, and prophesies a thunderstorm of abnormal ferocity. During the tornado the planter, who is naturally a drunkard and speaks rudely to the natives, returns home to find his wife in the bad man's bungalow. This unfortunate incident probably means the death of the Malay butler and the smashing of an oil lamp. Of course, the wife is innocent; she has merely



## THE ADMIRABLE JELF

Jelf (Mr. W. Graham Browne) is Mrs. Wickham's guide, philosopher, and friend. When things—generally creditors—look black they take a cocktail together

come there to save her younger sister from the amorous pitfalls of a tropical climate. The innocent young thing is hiding behind the punkah wishing she was safely back in the dormitory at Cheltenham.

Further East still a space must be reserved for China, with Mr. Matheson Lang in the place of honour as the Lord Highest of the House of Wu. Some day we shall have a play about a Chinaman in which there is no white woman to be lured to seduction, no *motif* of revenge, no wine-glasses, one poisoned, and no inscrutable deaf mute of a Chinese servant. Moreover, Wi-fing-Punk himself will never have been to Oxford, and if he lives in a lonely bungalow in the heart of the jungle his room will contain no first editions and no cocktails. His stature will conform strictly to the average height of his race, and when he speaks English it will be at the rate of more than five words a minute. This play will run for exactly three nights.

In the centre of our map is Africa, with a herd of big game rampant in one corner, and

## A MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED

Between Audrey (Miss Adrienne Allen) and Bruce Wickham, whose mother had sold her a pup in the shape of an insanitary villa





a group of disappointed hunters, pursuivant, in another. These are the jilted gentlemen who leave for the haunts of quagga and the trail of rhino towards the end of the third act. Our stage-eye view of Africa cannot be considered complete without a procession of prosperous men-folk stepping from the coast-line on to a steamer labelled *Home and Beauty*. These are the lucky people who have made their pile. They turn up bronzed and handsome, often as early as Act I, with devastating suddenness. Sometimes their wives don't recognize them; sometimes they come home and are horrified at the frivolity of life around them. They sigh for the clean winds of the wide open spaces. This kind has been known to marry the parlourmaid.

A new specimen of the homeward-bounds comes to light in *Five Farthings*, by A. R. Rawlinson, from a short story by Miss G. B. Stern, at the Haymarket. This is Bruce Wickham (Mr. Cyril Raymond), who says good-bye to Africa after fourteen years of successful toil. Assuming he went there at the age of eighteen, this makes him thirty-two. Where, it may be asked, has a young man of thirty-two been, and what has he been doing, that he should assume towards his mother an attitude of such dithering sentimentality? There could have been no mistake about the kind of woman Mrs. Wickham was if she had ever written him an intelligent letter or sent him a snapshot during these fourteen years. When it is said that Miss Marie Tempest is Mrs. Wickham, Bruce's vision of her as a frail, Victorian lady clad in grey silk, seldom parted from an arm-chair and her knitting, assumes an elephantine improbability boding ill for a light comedy which cannot claim to be anything but the flimsiest of vehicles for a pastmistress in the art of making bricks without straw.

Mrs. Wickham, of course, is the exact reverse of Bruce's "Mumsie." Flowered chiffon displaces the grey silk, and a cocktail-shaker is a more natural weapon to this woman of the world than a work-basket full of knitting needles. When Bruce's letter arrives announcing his sudden home-coming, his mother, hampered by lack of capital and ready cash, is running a pension at Monte Vittoria on credit and conducting other business on the Italian Riviera—a house-agency and a share in the Casino—of an equally speculative kind. Two volatile Italians (Messrs. Tony de Lungo and E. Conforti) clamour for their money with a predatory eye on the furniture, while a faded spinster (Miss Margaret Watson) pleads meekly for an over-due instalment in respect of a bankrupt tea-shop. Mrs. Wickham's English butler, Jelf (Mr. W. Graham Browne), is hard put to it to keep the wolves from the door. Mrs. Wickham deplores the sloppiness of Bruce's letter, but her eyes sparkle at the prospect of his comfortable fortune. Jelf, however, insists that no chances can be taken. The creator of "Mumsie" must not be disappointed with the picture which absence and Africa have painted.



A CONVERSATION PIECE

Signorina Prossi (Miss Stella Rho), the manageress of the pension, and Miss Brownlow (Miss Margaret Watson) have one subject in common—how, when, and where Mrs. Wickham will pay her debts



HOW TO REMOVE FURNITURE

A quartette of strong, but certainly not silent, Italians interspersing a family quarrel or two with the business on hand—the removal of Mrs. Wickham's furniture from her pension on the Italian Riviera. Carlo (Mr. E. Dini) and Giuseppe (Mr. S. Garcia) converse in the background while Signor Grasso (Mr. E. Conforti), who supplied the furniture, and Signor Pasquale (Mr. Tony de Lungo), the Manager of the Casino, in which Mrs. Wickham has an unpaid-for share, fraternize freely among the chairs and tables

There are two main comedy themes in this piece. One is the dunning, which occupies most of Act I and recurs again, with more Italian volatility, when the creditors are discovered in Act III labelling the furniture. The other is the dressing-up of Mrs. Wickham in Act II. At Jelf's behest a move has been made from the troubled atmosphere of the pension to a secluded villa with a fine view of the sea. Here Mumsie, complete with armchair, lace cap, grey dress, and work-basket, awaits her long lost son, and it is superfluous to say that Miss Tempest extracts the maximum of humour from a situation that is palpably artificial and lines which spoken by a lesser genius would fall as flat as a pancake on a stone floor. Her exclamations of boredom and disgust, her flashes of irony, her fierce onslaught with the knitting needles on a tangle of tatting—by all the art and artifice at her command, Miss Tempest, whose laurels are evergreen and whose wizardry is continuous wonder and delight, holds this scene together as she does the entire play. In the last act, when she can stand the lace, the pekingese, and the new maid no longer, and returns to the pension in a bedazzling gown and the spirit of battle, a sudden twist in Bruce's love affair gives her a chance for a change of mood. The tears may be idle, but we know what they mean.

Mention of the love story brings Miss Adrienne Allen into the picture as the tenant of one of Mrs. Wickham's insanitary villas, let at an exorbitant rent paid in advance. As most of the characters appear to bear no more resemblance to real life than does Miss Lilian Cavanagh's "county" spinster to any shire on the map of England, the question of acting hardly arises. Mr. Cyril Raymond and his colleagues are mainly concerned with type-setting and, on the whole, make light of their tasks. Mr. W. Graham Browne, being better served, manages to extract a sufficiency of humour and a touch of humanity from the resourceful Jelf, and seems content, like the author and the rest of the cast, to leave the play in Miss Tempest's hands. The applause of her worshippers—a true faith!—indicated that for once the actress and not the play was "the thing."

"TRINCULO."



## THE WEDDING OF

## MISS NELL WARD



MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY

LORD STAVORDALE AND HIS BRIDE  
LEAVING ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

MRS. ELINOR GLYN

LADY VIOLET BENSON, THE HON. MRS.  
JOHN MULHOLLAND AND MRS. POLLENTHE HON. MRS. ROLAND  
CUBITT AND HER SONTHE COUNTESS OF LYTTON  
AND LADY DAVINA LYTTON

The marriage of Lord and Lady Ilchester's elder son, Lord Stavordale, to Miss Nell Ward, twin-daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, R.N., and of the Hon. Mrs. Ward, drew such a vast congregation to St. Martin-in-the-Fields that traffic in Trafalgar Square was visibly affected. Lord Dudley gave away his niece, whose fascinating wedding gown of Brussels lace suited her admirably. Her bouquet was a present from the bridegroom's squadron of the Royal Horse Guards. Miss Brassey was one of the six yellow-clad bridesmaids, and Mrs. Roland Cubitt's younger son was a page. His elder brother Henry, whose photograph appears here, attended the reception which was held at Lord and Lady Wolverton's house in St. James's Place. Lady Lytton brought her popular younger daughter, and other notable guests included the Duke of Rutland's sister, Lady Violet Benson, Mrs. Mulholland, who is Lord Dunleath's sister-in-law, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the well-known author and scenario writer.





## FALLING WATER

*Written and  
Illustrated by*

CHAS. PEARS,  
R.O.I.



The sound of falling water charmed the Greeks; they had a game which consisted in throwing a ball at a vessel of water, which, over-turning, let its contents fall into a pool, making a pretty sound. The game was called Music. Sweet sound and graceful pattern are the points of fascination about falling water, to which must be added elegance of movement. Why should the chattering of water suggest coolness? Water dripping from the mouth of a mask into a bowl was no more for drinking than it was for the coolness its sound suggested. If you want to feel cool on a hot day, there is a super-cinema in this modern London which has introduced this as a decorative scheme in its tea-room. If you do not feel cool there you will not be a subject for suggestion, and I'm sure you and I would quarrel if we met. We have no Niagara in the British Isles, but we have some pretty dribbles, and you will agree that we have something very interesting in the cascade of the Inagh river below Ennistimon, County Clare. I imagine the "pretty sounds" which come from this are not appreciated on sleepless nights by the inhabitants of the houses built upon its banks. A waterfall is none the worse for being bridged—it depends upon the bridge. I found many such in Majorca, but there you may have the disappointment of seeing the bridge but not the water-fall—only after heavy rain do the water-falls function on that island and rains are quite infrequent



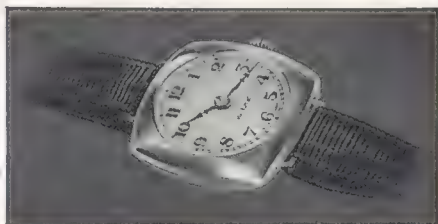


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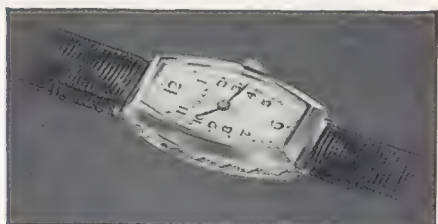


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# MISS LILYAN TASHMAN

*By Olive Snell*

A portrait of the well-known American film actress, who, like so many others of the craft, was at one time a Ziegfeld Folly—hence her good looks, for there has never been a Ziegfeld Girl who has been unbeautiful. Lilyan Tashman has been in a number of big pictures, and will be remembered for her appearance in "So This is Paris," "The Texas Steer," and others. In private life Lilyan Tashman is Mrs. Edmund Lowe, her husband also being on the films, and also a very good artist with the brush and an exhibitor at Los Angeles and elsewhere



THE F  
By A. K





SIDERS

Macdonald



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THE COUNTESS OF LINDSEY AND FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD AT THE ST. GEORGE'S DAY DINNER



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND COUNTESS JELlicoe

## PUBLIC DINERS

The Royal Society of St. George; and an Air League Gathering of Importance



INTENT ON THE SPEECHES AT THE ST. GEORGE'S DAY DINNER: LORD COTTESLOE



LADY FIELD AND SIR THOMAS WILFORD



THE EARL OF LINDSEY AND THE EARL OF ONSLOW

All these pictures, with the exception of the one on the immediate right, were taken at the dinner given at the Trocadero on St. George's Day by the Royal Society of St. George. This was a proper Old English affair, with red and white roses to look at, a baron of beef (amongst other things) to eat, and glees and melodies of bygone days to listen to. The Duke of Marlborough, as chairman, proposed the toast of "England," and Lord Onslow that of "New Zealand." Sir Thomas Wilford, High Commissioner, replied on behalf of this Dominion, with which the dinner was particularly associated. The health of the Prince of Wales, President of the Society (which was founded in 1894) was proposed by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood. The Master of Sempill and Lady Cobham, Sir Alan Cobham's wife, were two of the many air-minded people who attended the Air League of the British Empire's fourth annual dinner held at the Dorchester. Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest was in the Chair and Lord Stonehaven and Lord Amulree made very interesting speeches



AT THE DORCHESTER FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE AIR LEAGUE DINNER: THE MASTER OF SEMPILL AND LADY COBHAM

## IN SOME SUN SPOTS



AT SANTA BARBARA, CAL.: LADY INVERCLYDE ("JUNE")



AT MONTE: MR. DEREK HERBERT AND LADY SEAFIELD



THE COMTESSE D'ESTAINVILLE AND VERE HARMSWORTH



ALSO AT MONTE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. LESLIE



GRACE, LADY NEWBOROUGH AT MONTE

All these pictures are calculated to make everyone who is suffering from an English "spring" extremely envious, for they were taken at places where they keep some real sun. Lady Inverclyde has been wintering on the Pacific slope at that wonderful spot, Santa Barbara, and is coming back to us to resume her theatrical career under Mr. Julian Wylie's management. She is better known to the stage world as "June." Mr. Derek Herbert and his wife, Lady Seafeld, have a delightful villa at Cap Ferrat, and the Comtesse D'Estainville, who was formerly Miss Rita Redhead, has been staying with her husband at Lord Rothermere's villa, also at Cap Ferrat. Mrs. Leslie was formerly Miss Sandra Crawford, and is well known up Leicestershire way, and Grace, Lady Newborough is the widow of the late Lord Newborough, who died on active service in 1916



# OVER THE TOP AND ON THE FLAT



AT THE CRAVEN POINT-TO-POINT: SIR FREDERICK  
AND LADY CARDEN



Howard Barrett  
MR. "BROSE" CLARK AT  
STAVELEY LODGE,  
MELTON



AT THE CRAVEN POINT-TO-POINT: SIR  
WILLIAM AND LADY MOUNT



AT STOCKTON: CAPTAIN AND MRS. RILEY-LORD, MR. DORINGTON,  
MR. BOURKE, AND MR. NORMAN FIELD

The Craven held their point-to-point at Shefford Woodlands, Hungerford, Berks, in part of which county their country lies. Sir Frederick Carden, who retired as a major in the 1st Life Guards, had a horse running—his Carlow finishing third in the Members' Race, ridden by Mr. Farquhar. Sir William Mount was also performing at this meeting. He succeeded to the title this year on the death of his father. Mr. "Brose" Clark is one of the "out-of-works" now that the hunting season is over. He is one of the most popular of the American visitors to Leicestershire. On the "soft" day at Stockton on which the group above was taken, Captain Riley-Lord's Sans Doute ran third in the last race—the Roseberry Maiden Plate. Captain Player is seen at the happy moment jumping the last fence well in front when he won the Duke of Portland's Cup at the Rufford Point-to-Point



Howard Barrett  
OVER THE LAST ONE: AT THE RUFFORD 'CHASES  
CAPTAIN PLAYER WINS ON "LITTLE HONEY"



MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS IN "EVER GREEN" *William Davis*

And the spring sports suit which she wears in the last act of this bumper success at the Adelphi Theatre. "Ever Green" is a genuine C. B. Cochran success, and looks like thoroughly deserving its title

**T**HIS golfing story is one related by Miss Glenna Collett, the American champion. She was playing golf one day in a mixed foursome, when her partner lost a ball, and noticing two youngsters loitering suspiciously near to where it had disappeared, approached them.

"Look here," he exclaimed, chancing it, "I saw one of you pick up a golf ball."

An argument followed, but finally one of the boys handed over a ball.

At that moment another golfer appeared. Waving an arm in the direction of the group he yelled out "Fore!"

"Well, I'm blown," muttered one of the youngsters, "they seem to 'ave eyes all over 'em 'ere. Chuck the other three out, 'Erbert, and we'll go."

"Johnny," exclaimed his mother, angrily, "how many more times have I got to tell you to put your hand to your mouth when you cough. It's very rude not to do it. I always do, don't I?"

"Yes, mummy," replied six-year-old Johnny, "but I don't think there is any need for me to do it, 'cos when I cough I never have to catch my teeth."

"What's 'appened to that nice lodger you 'ad, Mrs. Brown," asked one landlady of another.

"Oh," was the reply, "I 'ad to get rid of 'im. Do you know, 'e told me 'e was a Bachelor of Arts, and I found out by chance 'e actually 'ad a wife an' family in Manchester."

A motorist, driving rapidly into a station yard, nearly hit an old woman who shouted, "Why don't you sound your 'orn?" The driver replied, "Why don't you sound your aitches?"

The orderly officer during his rounds heard a complaint from his company about the issue of bread. He was not exactly sympathetic.

"But, my man," he said, "if Napoleon had had that bread when crossing the Alps he'd have eaten it with delight."

"Yes, I daresay," replied the grumbler, "it was fresh then."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A man entered a West-end fruiterer's shop and asked for a peach. It was wrapped up in silver paper and handed to him.

"How much is that?" he asked.

"Seven-and-sixpence," said the assistant.

The customer handed over a ten-shilling note and proceeded to walk out of the shop. The girl ran after him, and said: "Here's your half-crown change."

"You can keep that," said the man, "I've just trod on a grape."

"Yes," said the experienced golfer, on a beautiful sunny day, "I feel as if I could play the game of my life to-day."

"Well, I hope you do!" said a friend, kindly.

"Oh," said the other, "I'm not going round to-day. I wouldn't spoil this feeling for anything!"

Mary gave notice as she was going to be married. Her mistress, who was rather upset at her leaving, said, "Of course, I don't want to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible for you to postpone your wedding until I can get another maid."

"Well, mum," said Mary, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off!"

A friend had called to inspect the new baby, and after the usual embarrassed murmurings made on such an occasion he asked the father:

"What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

"A blackmailer, I'm afraid," replied the proud parent, tersely.

"Good heavens! Whatever makes you think that?" cried the other, in astonishment.

"Well, we have to give him something every now and again to keep him quiet," was the reply.



MISS MARGARET PERRY *Janet Jevons*

The young American actress who scored a great personal success in that quite charming little play, "Strictly Dishonourable," which was on at the Phoenix Theatre, but had not so long a life as possibly it deserved



# Happy days are here again



● The sun is coming out! Depressions of the past season, months of raininess, are over! The spring frocks are gay... gayer than ever... bright blues and reds, sparkling greens, brilliant yellows... and happy faces must go with them

● Take off your winter gloom. Take away that pasty look of too many days of indoors. Wipe away those tired lines and bring back the sparkle to your eyes. Your cheeks are asking for that glowing colour which your new frocks demand

● Elizabeth Arden's Anti-Brown Spot Ointment will stimulate your circulation, a patting of Ardena Skin Tonic gives the pleasant tingle you have missed, not to mention the special creams for those individual wants

● It is time to rejuvenate. You will feel it in the air. Some of it will reflect in your face. But don't wait hopefully for June to bring back your old self. You want it now. And nature needs help to pay back a whole winter's depression!

● In Elizabeth Arden's Salons you can have those invigorating treatments, nature's own tonic, by expert hands... hands trained to feel out those sagging muscles, stimulate them back to normal, repair the winter's damage. Don't wait... enjoy these happy days! For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870

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Chas. E. Brown  
SIR HERBERT WALKER ABOARD  
THE S.S. "CÔTE D'AZUR"

The famous general manager of the Southern Railway, who was one of the passengers on the new French Cross-Channel boat on her maiden trip from Dover to Calais. The "Côte d'Azur" will operate in conjunction with the Southern Railway steamers

Gallipoli adventure there is no intention whatever to go in these particular notes; but what may be of interest to so many of us is this evidence of a still-lively belief in His Satanic Majesty. Man is supposed to be created in God's own image, and that may be a very comfortable thought, even though some of us may think that the hand of the Great Potter may have slipped a bit sometimes when thumbing the wet clay; but supposing there is still a Rival Factory, a clever Infringer of the Great Trade Mark, a Pirate who is capable of turning out devils in the shape of men? This was a very lively belief in the times when "Thomas Ingoldsby" (a parson, the Rev. Richard Harris Barham) wrote those fascinating Legends, and of course in far earlier days no doubt existed in the minds of even the most learned that the Rival Factory was turning out as large a product as the Great Potter himself. Then for a time we heard a good deal less of this belief, and by about the mid-Victorian period the Devil's publicity value had sunk to practically nil. He hardly ever got into the news at all; a little later a few people put him on the stage, but he never became a big draw and was rather out in the cold—if such a suggestion can be made about such a person.

Now we find a modern British general putting the Devil back in his place and accusing him directly of having had a hand in our defeat in Gallipoli. How if the general is right? Why shouldn't he be right? The forces of law and order cannot, and do not, win every time. Is there not also a good deal of reason to believe that the Rival Factory has occasional bursts of mass production and makes a very definite and determined effort to

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

IN the course of the recent discussion on the subject of "Gallipoli" and its rights and its wrongs, between General Sir Ian Hamilton and Mr. Compton Mackenzie—rather strange opponents—the question arose as to whether the Almighty or the Devil was directing the operations. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, if I understood him, was convinced that the Almighty never meant us to go to Constantinople by that roundabout way, the Gallipoli Peninsula. Sir Ian Hamilton, on the other hand, said that he was convinced that the Devil had the best of that deal, and that it was he who was the stumbling-block—the thing from which incidentally the Devil's name is derived. Into the rights and wrongs of the

flood the market, and certainly collars a good deal of the trade quite often? Anyone who is so lucky as to possess an X-ray eye, and can see a bit farther through people than their waistcoat buttons, must surely have spotted countless specimens which bear the trade mark of the Opposition Shop? There is therefore nothing at all fantastic in a modern general's belief in the potency of the Father of Lies and his capacity to upset apple-carts. How is it possible to think that some people you and he and she and they and we know perfectly well can have emanated from any other emporium but the Rival Factory? The people who deserve to be ticketed P.R.A.O.L., the last two letters standing for "Of Liars"; the people who are mean enough to steal a blind kitten's milk; the ones who are such supreme actors that they persuade you that they love you better than figs, and in actual fact have just slipped a knife in up to the hilt between your shoulder blades; all those whited sepulchres which wear such nicely-cut clothes! The saying "All God's chillun got wings" embodies a very pretty and probably quite true idea; but it would be just silly to believe that the spawn of The Serpent is extinct. "Breed like a rattle-snake" is not merely an idle remark; all snakes are very prolific! Of course the Devil has not gone out of business! Sir Ian is quite right.

News from the Madeira front:

The Madeira rebels, according to the latest information received in Lisbon, are disregarding the ultimatum sent by wireless from the Portuguese cruiser *Vasco da Gama* ordering their surrender, and intend to fight. Some of the revolutionary chiefs in Madeira, according to unconfirmed reports, have fled, and some soldiers have deserted, seeking refuge in the interior of the island.

A bit contradictory as it seems to me, and it does not quite take the cake (Madeira understood).

I cannot imagine why anyone ever wants to be a professional boxer—or even a sparring partner. Read this about two gladiators:

Both are on a strict two meals a day diet. In the morning Canzoneri has orange juice, prunes, two soft-boiled eggs, toast, marmalade, and tea, and then rests. He goes to the gymnasium and then back for dinner at five. This consists of soup, vegetables, steak, lamb chops, or chicken, whole. (Continued on p. viii)



Chas. E. Brown  
MONSIEUR DE CHAPPEDELAINE  
The French Minister of Mercantile Marine, was also with Sir Herbert Walker—and others—one of the ship's company, aboard the s.s. "Côte d'Azur," the brand-new French channel steamer, on her maiden voyage from Dover to Calais. She is one of the best in the Cross-Channel trade



THE 2ND K.O.Y.L.I. POLO TEAM IN PESHAWAR

The team which won the Gai Cup in Peshawar in March, the first time that any infantry regiment has won it since it was first instituted in 1925. The names in the group, left to right, are: Major Butt (No. 1), Captain Brooke (No. 2), Captain Becher (No. 3), and Mr. I. F. Low (back)





### WHAT'S ALL THIS LAUGHING ABOUT?

There must have been some very good joke on hand when this photograph was taken. We don't grudge it them. It's not everyone who feels like laughing when they're walking. Faces pained and strained are the rule rather than the exception. Not that pedestrians as a race are lacking in a sense of humour—far from it. It's largely a question of shoes. Uncomfortable, badly fitting shoes are really responsible for the number of grim pedestrians one meets. Seldom do they take the trouble to choose shoes that have been designed to conform comfortably and naturally to the feet. Shoes like Cantilevers, for instance, that are just made for comfortable and easy walking. Now all the people in our photograph are wearing Cantilever Shoes. Follow their example and do likewise. Learn why Cantilever Shoes are so astonishingly comfortable. Write for free booklet explaining the Cantilever principle and for name of your nearest Cantilever store. Our address is Cantilever, Northampton.



AT THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION DINNER: COUNT BERNSTORFF, MADAME MARIA MAROVA, AND H.E. BARON FRANCKENSTEIN

There was a great gathering of notabilities at the Foreign Press Association Dinner the other night at the Hyde Park Hotel, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and many other eminent persons forgathering. Count Bernstorff is the German Chargé d'Affaires and Baron Franckenstein is the Austrian Ambassador

#### True Economy.

IT is a curious thing, but it is, nevertheless, quite undeniable that the instant you mention the word "economy" to the average motorist he at once thinks of "petrol." As an item in the up-keep bill of the car (into which most of us are far too cowardly, and sensible, to go) it looms quite enormous, and yet actually it is comparatively small. Very few owners of cars of the small to medium type spend five and twenty pounds in a year upon fuel, and we can safely tell ourselves that if we are being wasteful with it we cannot be erring by more than about 10 per cent. Owing to mechanical exigencies these words are being penned before the Budget is an accomplished fact, but the additional tax upon fuel seems to be a foregone conclusion, so much so, indeed, that to deal with it involves hardly any of that intelligent anticipation which is so widely supposed to be part of the stock-in-trade of the humble writer. I can give chapter and verse for the fact that directly the extra petrol tax was mooted (additional encouragement being provided by the advent of 'summer-time') a large section of my motoring acquaintances addressed themselves to the job of making their carburetters defeat the machinations of the Chancellor. They felt, no doubt, that they had too long neglected this instrument—and why not, since spirit has been steadily getting cheaper?—and that with a little coaxing it might be made the ready and effective defender of their pockets. Now isn't that a curious state of affairs? I do not suppose that 10 per cent. of modern cars could be perceptibly improved in respect of fuel consumption. Like spirit itself, the carburetter has to effect a compromise. So that if you fix it to give you an extra mile or two a gallon on the flat, it will nullify that advantage by reducing your acceleration, your power, and your top-gear hill-climbing. Doubtless you will remember how in days gone by—when petrol without a tax was a good deal more expensive than it is now, even *cum* duty, an enormous number of cars were fitted with beautiful extra-air devices, for which the most extravagant claims were made. Now it has to be conceded that, used continuously and with intelligence, a thing of this kind will give you an extra mile or two to the gallon. But it is quite evident that the bulk of motordom cannot be bothered with any of these contraptions. Why



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON AND MR. ERIC SWENNE

Another flashlight picture taken at the Foreign Press Association Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mr. Swenne is the President of the Association, and Mr. Henderson, of course, requires no description

## Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

should it, when the normal carburetter gives such good results? As for the various contrivances that are "guaranteed" (save the mark) to save 40 per cent. of fuel consumption, all I can say is that they might work, some of them; but if they do, then the best evidence that they can bring forward is a certificate from the technical department of the Royal Automobile Club, with which nobody in his senses would try to pick a quarrel. It is singular that the designers of these gadgets shun the publicity which the R.A.C. would cheerfully give them. Is there a single car manufacturer who standardizes one of their brilliantly ingenious devices? No. And the reason. Said car manufacturers are imbued with prejudice and ignorance. Said car manufacturers have formed a "ring" against progress. It all sounds so plausible and pathetic. But

it is nothing of the kind. If there were any really truly petrol-economizing scheme that worked, even up to 2½ per cent., the L.G.O.C. (whose fuel bill runs into millions a year) would fit it within the twinkling of an eye, because it would substantially increase their dividend. So I pray you to be like Gallio, and to care for none of these things. All the same, the fresh pressure upon our purses suggests that something should be done to counter-act it, if that be at all possible. Hence I have no hesitation in reminding the car-owner that there are at least two ways in which he can deflect the foil of Mr. Snowden. These may sound very banal, but I can assure you they are effective. Firstly, keep the tyres blown up to their correct pressure. I reckon that the man who looks after this little job will save at least £5 a year, which is

(Continued on p. xxviii)



H.E. M. DE FLEURIAU AND THE RIGHT HON. A. V. ALEXANDER

The First Lord of the Admiralty looks almost as if he were discussing the Naval Pact and battleship strengths with the French Ambassador. They were two more of the distinguished guests at the recent Foreign Press Association dinner





*The "Mermaid"  
Rye*



*Amidst the "Inns" and outs of life Player's Please*



The Dream of the Golfer who forgot  
his GUINNESS a day

“GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU”



# At the Sign of the White Horse Inn



MR. JACK BARTY AND  
MISS LEA SEIDL



MISS MARY LAWSON AND MR. GEORGE GEE



FRANZ JOSEF: MR. FREDERICK  
LEISTER



COORTING! MISS BETTY FRENCH  
AND MR. KING



MISS RITA PAGE AND MR. BRUCE  
CARFAX

The biggest and best, also the brightest show in London, and packing the Coliseum at every performance from the floor to the roof-tree. Sir Oswald Stoll has been flooded with well-deserved congratulations, and he deserves every bit of the good fortune that has come to him and is still to come. The plot of the play and all about the magnificent manner of its production, as also all about the brilliant and charming people who "put it over," were fully dealt with by our Mr. "Trinculo" in his theatrical notes last week, so that reiteration is hardly necessary. There is not a single weak link in the whole of the long cast, and all hands take their place in the honours' list

Photographs by Stage Photo Company

# POLO NOTES

By  
"SERREFILE."



"THE GREYLINGS" WIN THE SPRING CUP AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB

W. Dennis Moss

A snapshot taken during the final between "The Greyings," whose team is seen in the other picture on this page, and the Queen's Bays on the number one ground at Norton. The Beaufort Polo Club is the largest polo centre in the three kingdoms, and has eight or nine full-sized grounds, with more a-coming. Major T. J. Longworth, who is the secretary, has worked like a whole family of beavers, and is to be much felicitated upon the magnificent success he has won

It is an ill-wind which blows no one any good, and though Spain may not have realized at the moment that she has caused a good jockey to send in his jacket, we in this country selfishly may rejoice that the recent happenings will result in our seeing more of someone who has ever been our valued friend and supporter in the world of sport, H.M. King Alfonso XIII. Memories are proverbially and unfortunately short, but those of us who were alive in 1914, and still are alive, can never forget the kindness and hospitality which His Majesty extended to our International polo team then in the making, and which went to Madrid to put in its most necessary winter practice. H.M. King Alfonso did all in his power to help our enterprise, and Major "Rattle" Barrett, who was then a captain, Lt.-Col. Vivian Lockett, and the rest of the nucleus of our team can never forget all that was done for them. It may be that but for what then happened we might never have brought back that Cup from America. Every possible facility was offered to our team in embryo by the King and the polo-playing world of Spain. Their polo-grounds, their well-drilled teams, their ponies, and most prized of all their good-will and good-fellowship were placed at our people's disposal unstintingly, and furthermore the team was entertained with a hospitality which rivalled that of the Bedouin. I feel sure that Lord Wimborne, who stood behind that 1914 team financially, and all its actual units and the reserves, will ever cherish a memory of what polo-playing Spain, headed by its King, did for Great Britain in the period of preparation for that great adventure. A very gallant gentleman has taken the course of action which it was certain that he would take in a great crisis; he has played the game as a true sportsman would play it, and whether his country is right or is wrong in its decision to swop horses when crossing

a stream, Alfonso XIII of Spain still stands *preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

King Alfonso and the members of the Royal entourage are very welcome and very familiar figures in the polo world in England, and this country feels flattered that some of the happiest hours of their existence have been afforded them when they have come over here to play the game of games with us. The King himself possesses the first essential of success at polo, the asset of good horsemanship and, added to this, a first-class knowledge of the game and an unbounded enthusiasm. H.M. has been the mainspring of it in his own country, and it is quite unquestionable that to the fact of this Royal patronage Spain owes the production of such good exponents of it as the Duke of Penaranda, a quite first-class No. 1, and the head and front for so many years of that fine El Gordo team, winners of our championship in 1929; the Marquese of Villabragima, and many more. It is to be hoped that these recent events in high politics in the world will not in any way interfere with this happy association and that we may still hope to find a team

recruited principally in Spain testing the quality of the steel of the best that can be sent against them in the principal tournaments in England. In addition to the keen interest and co-operation of Spain in our polo world, the Royal House, through others of its members, their Majesties' daughters, the Infantas Beatriz and Cristina, have been constant visitors to England during the hunting season, and H.M. the Queen, though she does not now take an active part in sport, has been at any rate a passive supporter of polo and fox-hunting. Both the Royal Princesses ride really well, and it is certain that our welcome will now be doubly warm.



"THE GREYLINGS"

W. Dennis Moss

The team which, receiving 1½ goals start, beat the Queen's Bays in the final of the Spring Tournament at the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton, near Malmesbury. The names, left to right, are: Mr. H. R. Mackeson, Mr. P. W. Paget, Mr. H. P. Guinness, and Mr. R. L. Findlay. Three of the team, including Mr. Humphrey Guinness, the ex-International, are in the Greys—hence the name. Mr. P. W. Paget is the only one who is not a Scots Grey





*The Young 'un:* "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

*The Old Stager:* "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

*The Young 'un:* "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

*The Old Stager:* "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in *cask* is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age and Quality, of course."

**GUARANTEED  
35  
YEARS  
IN CASK**

**MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU**

**25/-  
PER  
BOTTLE**

*Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants*

# THUS SAID CALUM THE KEEPER

Maggie Macgillivray's Mount.

By IAN COLVIN

"HAVE ye ever seen a bogle?" asked Bella the cook. "I'll no say what I've seen, and I'll no say what I've no seen," was the dark reply of Calum the Keeper.

The paraffin lamp threw an exaggerated shadow of his gaunt, grizzled, aquiline face on the whitewashed wall. It was Hallowe'en, ah, how long ago! I had crept into the kitchen of the Old House to see the revels. There had been jigs to pipe-music, and "guising," and "dooking for apples" in a washtub on the stone floor; but by that time it was growing late, and the maids had their hair down to dry over towels on their shoulders. One or two of the guisers, their faces blackened and their jackets inside out, lingered on, and they all sat round the fire, on wooden settles, watching the nuts, those glowing lovers, burning in pairs. Would they lie together until they were consumed to a white ash of conjugal felicity, or would one leap away from the other in the flare-up of a lover's quarrel? Growing tired of these prophetic experiments, Bella the cook had turned her dark eyes and sharp tongue on Calum.

"Did ye ever ken a witch?" asked Bella.

"Maybe you're a bit of a witch yoursel'," Calum replied daffingly.

Bella tossed her black hair till it sparked and crackled. "There's nae sic thing as a witch," she said.

Silence grew on us all till we could hear the owls hooting from the ivy-tod outside the kitchen door.

"Did ye ever hear tell o' Maggie Macgillivray?" Calum asked her after a while.

"And who may she be?" said Bella.

"May!" said Calum. "Na, na, Maggie's dead lang syne; but there was a time when she was as bonnie as yoursel'."

"That may well be," said Bella with mock modesty.

"I'm no gainsayin' ye," Calum went on, "but it's well enough known that Maggie was a fine-looking woman, as black as a sloe, and they say her folk came from the island of Barra, which is an unco' sort o' a place; but her faither had gone down into Lowland country and farmed a bit o' land by the River o' Earn below a place they call Colquhalzie. When her faither died Maggie kept on wi' the farm.

"She had a pair o' horse and a ploughman, a decent douce quiet lad they ca'd Andrew Wishart. The Wisharts they lived at Forgan-denny, not so very far away, and when Andrew paid thun a visit, ae fast-day, his mother could see that the lad wasna richt. He was sac thin and dwinin' that she thought he might be fa'in into a decline. Andrew would say nothing but that there was a run o' work at the farm; so Mistress Wishart sent

his brother, Davie, back with the lad to see how things were at Colquhalzie."

"It would be the maits," said Bella.

"So Mistress Wishart thought; but Davie found that it wasna the maits, for Maggie fed them well on parritch-and-milk and scones and butter and cheese that she made hersel'. But as the ploughin' was on Davie asked Maggie if he might stay on a bit and help his brother, and Maggie she said stay by a' means.

"So Davie he stayed and helped his brother, whiles Andrew would gaunt and grain at his wark and whiles he would fall asleep at the plough-tail; but when Davie spoke to him about it the lad got fremmit and would say ne'er a word, and aye looked the mair forfairn and forjaskit; but aince he grat and with the tears running down his face he said, 'Ah, Davie, man, if I told ye what was wrang ye would think I was daft.'

"The twa lads slept in Andrew's bed in the bothy which was over the stable. Davie spoke to Andrew again about it when they were taking aff their claes, and Andrew said, 'If you sleep on the outside o' the bed maybe ye'll find out for yersel'.'

"Naething happened that night nor the night after; but on the third night as Davie lay beside his brother, at the outside o' the bed, the door opened and there, by the licht o' the moon, in her white sark, he saw Maggie Macgillivray."

"The hussy!" said Bella.

"She came over to the bed, and then Davie saw that she had a bridle in her hand; but he could neither move nor speak, so great was the dread that was on him. Maggie slipped the bridle over his head. 'Up,' says she, and she was on his back, and Davie took ae loup through the open door and never touched one o' the stone steps outside, but landed in the midden wi' a' fower feet."

"Four!" cried Bella.

"Fower I said," replied Calum, "and fower I meant, for by that time Davie was a horse."

The keeper's shadow flickered on the wall, as if the homely air of that old kitchen shuddered.

"And Maggie on his back!" whispered Bella.

"Maggie on his back in her white nightgown," Calum went on, "skelpin' over the dub. They took the gate with a flying loup and galloped over the grasslands down by Mill-earn. There they met some others, and then turned south and crossed the Machany Water, and trotted along the high road till they came by the auld kirk a mile below Auchterarder."

Well I know that old graveyard round a church that is no more than a shell, with ivied and roofless walls crumbling into ruin, and old trees round about, and old



Howard Barrett

A PAPERCHASE IN THE HARRINGTON COUNTRY

They all got soaked to the buff in this show, which happened at Ellerslie near Derby last week, but what's the odds so long as you're happy?

The names are, more or less, left to right: front rank—C. Hupvale (2nd whip), Mr. G. Balfour-Melville, Mr. Pegg and son, Mr. J. Worrall, D. Bull, minor; second rank—Mr. P. Wyatt, Mr. Price Abell, Mr. G. Gillson (avec horn), Mr. Eric Foster, Mr. D. Bull, Mrs. Beaumont Checkland, Mr. Vernon Hough, Mr. Roger Freeman, Mr. David Hurt, Miss Biddy Strutt; and forming the rearguard—Mrs. Price Abell, Miss Molly Friar, Mrs. Bull, Mr. H. Richardson, Mrs. Pegg, Miss Zoe Butcher, Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Marshall (the hostess), Mrs. Harry Richardson, Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. F. Crooks, and Miss Mary Strutt

(Continued on p. xviii)





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# Eve at GOLF

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME



Doing sums: Mrs. A. J. Jenkin, Mrs. V. Gibson, Miss Tippetts, and Miss Oliver at Wentworth

Prize-winners in the "Britannia and Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth: Right to left—Miss Cotgrave and Miss Rudgard (Cup-winners), Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Toye (Handicap Aggregate), Mrs. Dudley Charles and Miss Wethered (Scratch, centre course) and Miss D. Pearson (Scratch, east course, with Miss Wilson)

**Y**EAR by year they grow better and better, those winning scores at Ranelagh. This year England's average for eight scratch scores was a fraction better than 2 under 4's, that in spite of greens

at their most difficult, wind and rain some of the time, tees lengthened, greens built up on to small plateaux to test the ingenuity of the best. And a new record found its way on to the Kitcat medal as well as the International Cup—Miss Diana Fishwick's 66 on the first day.

It has been all very well in the past to question whether Miss Fishwick's golf was fundamentally as good as the things

she achieved with it; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when you have devoured the runner-upship of the English, the Open itself, and the Kitcat medal with 66, it is really ridiculous to say that the recipe wants amending. Miss Fishwick is a very good golfer indeed, who does not owe her success to luck, and that 66 was the reward of sheer merit. The shots up to the hole were the final flavour, excellent putting the sauce for the whole, but there was a solid foundation of driving which was straight and far enough for all Ranelagh purposes, and probably for the majority of others as well.



Miss M. Justice driving from the first tee in the Spring Medal Foursomes



Never mind the weather: Mrs. Percy Garon, Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, Mrs. John Mellor, and Mrs. H. Guedalla setting off in the rain for the Centre Course at Wentworth

Miss Fishwick having a handicap of 1, Miss A. M. Hyde being second, and of course taking the prize with 73—7=66. Miss Winn's 69 was a fine effort for second scratch.

After that everything felt a trifle flat the second day. England was in an unassailable position, with a lead of thirty-three from Ireland and thirty-four from Scotland; the chief query became whether the weather would hold over the next day, and if Miss Fishwick could possibly return any sort of a good card or if the effect of such a brilliance must be collapse the next day. It was the weather that collapsed, Miss Fishwick who held up. Not another card in the

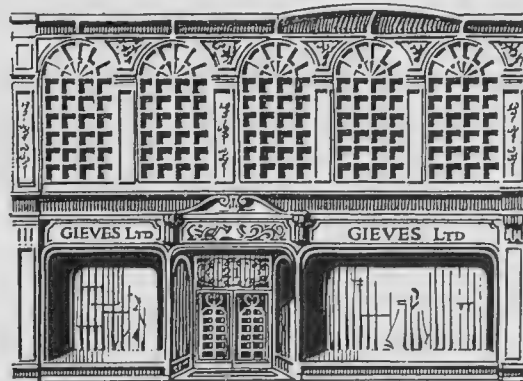
(Continued on p. xvi)





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**"GIEVES" SPRING SUITINGS**  
Carefully selected for Town and Country Wear

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



Matita makes the fashionable curdigan coat of a plain fabric, and the dress of silk and wool plaid, the vest being of white crêpe de chine. The hat is part of the scheme. (See p. iv)



These shady hats for sunny days owe their origin to Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly, W.; the one at the top is of hemp straw, the crown draped with crêpe de chine scarf, and the one below is of natural coarse straw (See p. iv)

## Subtle Changes.

IT is difficult to convey in words the subtle changes that are taking place in the world of dress. Although the position of the waistline is suggested, there is no hint of compression, nevertheless there is a narrow belt. There are berthes and yokes and any amount of intricate needlework. An interesting afternoon dress was outlined with a narrow frill composed of small petals, each was a separate affair, and the edges were finished with embroidery-stitchery. Then the colour schemes are elusive and attractive. Another interesting thing is that the line of demarcation between afternoon and evening dresses is very narrow indeed, sometimes it is invisible. The decorative coatee is the accessory that is responsible for the advent of this type of dress.

## Every Variation of Fashion.

Every variation of the season's fashions is reflected in the collection that the House of Peter Robinson have assembled in their salons. There are many examples of the duo-mission frock to which reference has already been made. Standing out with prominence is a *chef-d'œuvre* of black printed ninon, strewn over the design are small brightly-coloured globes of velvet, the shoulder straps are of narrow black velvet ribbon to match, it also outlines the

coat which covers the hips. In striking contrast to this is a frock of mignonette green satin; its indelible cachet lies in the clever arrangement of the skirt, although it seems to be moulded to the figure the movements of the wearer are never handicapped, as there is invisible fullness. The scheme is completed with an abbreviated satin coat with touches of fur at the neck and wrists. Another dress that will appeal to a brunette is of vermillion net, the satin slip being some 10 in. shorter than the skirt proper. The bodice is innocent of all decoration; there is a basque composed of flat layers of net; in the distance it suggests a hip yoke.

## Soft Muslin Slightly Stiffened.

In the Peter Robinson collection there are many affairs that have been created for the hostess, and then there are those that are primarily destined for the debutante and the younger woman. Many of the latter are of the 1931 picture genre. No one could fail to be enchanted with one of soft white muslin stiffened; the skirt is circular and the belt is composed of blue petals. At the back there is a medallion cape about the size of a soup plate. It is held in position with muslin strings. Champagne rose is the shade of a net frock. The

rounded neckline is finished with a knife pleated frill, below which appear soft insertions of lace; when the hips are passed a frill like the one on the corsage is introduced; it gives a fascinating old-world atmosphere. The lower portion of the skirt is decorated with silken appliqué motifs outlined with blanket stitching. Another picture frock is entirely covered with narrow frills of lace; while yet another is a mass of delicately shaded flat chiffon petals and frills of lace.

## The Cuirass Frock.

The newest form of the cuirass or sheath is present in some of the models in this collection. In one the cuirass portion is of printed chiffon and the remainder of black lace; in another, black lace makes the sheath, the upper portion of the corsage and the lower portion of the skirt being of vellum-tinted lace. A frock cut on æsthetic lines is expressed in paroquet green romaine; the bolero is arranged to reveal the waist-line and is finished with a flat jabot of the material; it comes in contact with a pointed motif, the base of which rests on the skirt. There are panels of pleats at either side of the skirt at the back, then stretching from shoulder to shoulder is what has wittily been styled a "curtain" made of romaine; it is a charming variation on the cape theme.

(Continued on p. iv)



And as she will wear silk this season, Matita has used it for this distinctive dress and coat, of which two views are given. (See p. iv)





# *A Beautifying Finish* by *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

*Both for daytime and evening the loveliest finish for your skin is achieved with HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations.*

*First cleanse with LUXURIA to release all dust and grime from the pores and to lubricate and soften the skin. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it. Next smooth a thin film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM all over your face and allow it a moment or so to sink well into the tissues. Finally clean off, leaving just enough to hold your powder. If you prefer a vanishing cream as a powder base, use the delightful AYERISTOCRAT VANISHING CREAM. Dust lightly with a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER powder of the right weight and colour for your skin. You will be enchanted with the delicate perfection of the finish.*

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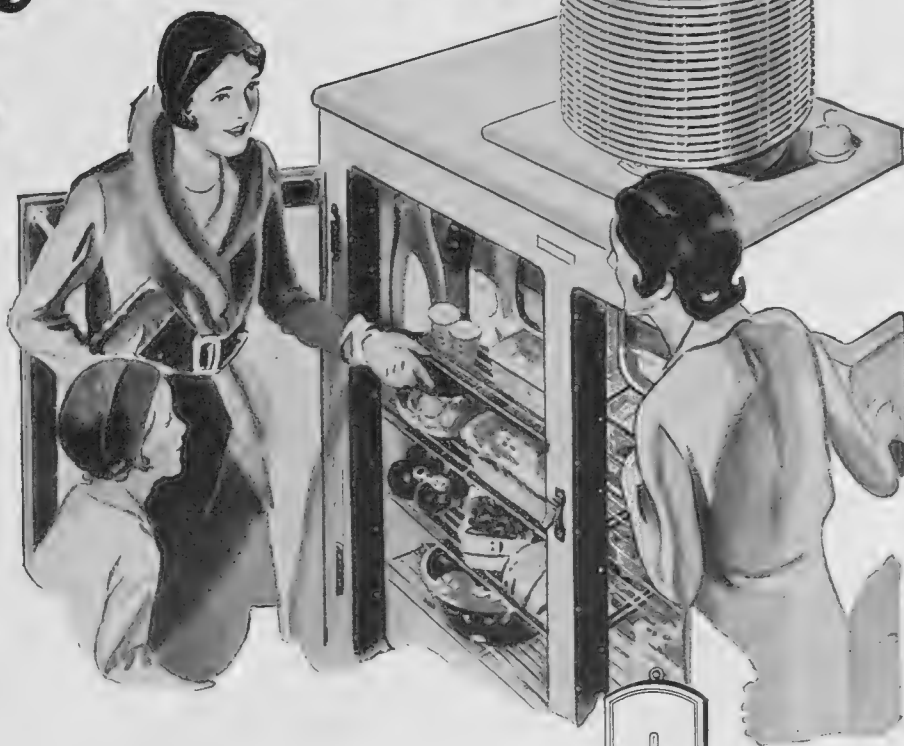
## MODES



Fashions for country wear are extremely smart and practical. A visit to Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) Knit Wear Department will convince all and sundry of this fact. Illustrated on the left of this page is a study in black and white, the coat is plain and the skirt is plaid; the scheme is completed with a coarse straw hat trimmed with striped satin ribbon. An important feature of the model in the centre is the "flared" hip yoke; the belt is of patent leather, and the flower of white broderie anglaise, while the crown of the straw hat is gartered with patent leather. Simplicity is the salient feature of the frock on the right; the background is green and the polka spots white



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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## The Tunic Ensemble.

The tunic with skirt or deep hem of a contrasting colour and material to match the long coat is very fashionable, and as a consequence is well represented in Peter Robinson's collection. All monotony is banished from the same; the amount of work entailed in their fashioning is unprecedented. It is believed that in the near future an alternative to the tunic effect will be floating panels covering the front and back of the skirts. There are of course several representatives of trousered skirts in this collection; it must be frankly admitted there is still a certain amount of prejudice to be overcome with regard to them. Opinions are divided whether they will meet with success or not. It was in 1911 that they appeared, when they were called "culottes"; then the division of the skirt extended upwards only about 8 in. from the hem. Like their descendants of to-day, it was only when the wearer moved that it was apparent that the limbs were separately enclosed.

## Concerning Accessories.

Accessories are more than ever insistent in demanding attention. Gloves make considerable inroads on the exchequer. For the day there are the modish-tinted suède affairs; when the dress is dark they must be of the same colour but of a lighter shade; for instance, with a marine blue dress these accessories will be lovely pastel-tinted blue nuance. Another conceit is that when gloves of a non-committal colour are adopted, they must be stitched and the gauntlets have insertions of the same colour as the dress. Sometimes the gauntlets are enriched with embroidery. Mittens and gloves are a *sine qua non* with evening dresses. A new note is the gauntlet that starts when the elbow is passed, instead of being present at the wrists; it gives the finishing touch to mittens as well as to gloves. Gloves of the same material as the dress have not scored a success, as they have a tendency to increase the size of the hand. Bags are jewelled, and are expressed in brocades as well as in alligator, pigskin, and pinseal.

## Let it Bear the Name Matita.

There is far more in a name than many women imagine, and all in quest of fashions for sports and country clothes must ask to see the sports and country clothes which bear the name of Matita; they are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Matita, 124, Great Portland Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Illustrated on p. 276 are two models sponsored by this firm, the one on the left is of a silk and wool fabric, which so far has not been christened; note the manner in which the fullness is introduced in the skirt and the moulding of the hips; the vest is of crêpe de chine, a

scarf to match the dress passes through it, and the scheme is completed with a plain cardigan coat. The model of which two views are given is expressed in a silken fabric; the dress is plaid and the coat is plain, both materials being present in the hat. An ensemble had a crêpe de chine dress, the white ground was strewn with black spots and rings, the long coat being black. For the tennis enthusiast there are corded silk piqué dresses with space for the wearer's embroidered initials, and of course it was accompanied by a coat for slipping on after the game.

## Necklaces of Ping-Pong Balls.

And the Matita dresses are accompanied by very special necklaces which are painted to match the colour schemes of the dresses. Among the striking novelties are the necklaces made

unique. A strong point in favour of the beach suits, which are made of stockinette is that no amount of damp or sand can crumple or bedraggle them. Two are portrayed on this page; of course a black and white reproduction must fail to do them justice as it is the colours that are so attractive.

By the way, emphasis must be laid on the fact that some of the trousers are on elastic and others are on flat-buttoned hip yokes. Neither must it be overlooked that there are useful, roomy beach bags for towels, make-up, and cigarettes.

## Hats for Sunny Days.

Even the most pessimistic admit that there is every prospect in the near future of our being confronted by an unlimited number of sunny days; therefore women will be well advised to visit Woodrow's (46, Piccadilly) salons at the earliest opportunity; should they be unable to do so they must carefully study the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. The models illustrated on p. 276 are included in their summer collection. The *chef-d'œuvre* at the top is of white hemp: a crêpe de chine scarf is draped over the shoulder and round the crown of the hat. The other model is, of coarse, natural coloured straw with a black underbrim; narrow satin ribbon is employed for decorative purposes; of it one may become the possessor for 25s. Again for 29s. 6d., there are small white hemp hats, their sole adornments being a pleated motif in the form of a crescent.

## "Fashion and the Woman."

Marshall and Snelgrove are responsible for a particularly interesting magazine entitled "Fashion and the Woman." The illustrations are of an unusually high order of merit and show just what the leaders of fashion are wearing, and will wear, during the coming season. Another very important thing is that the prices of everything are unprecedentedly moderate; naturally

quality has to be taken into consideration. It is a matter for congratulation that women now realize that it is the greatest mistake in the world to invest in raiment that is shoddy. Again there are many interesting articles that cannot fail to be of assistance to those who are planning their dress budget. Among them is "Clothes that Express Personality," "The Stage and Fashion," "Fashion's Key and Forecast," "The Charm and Grace of the Woman of Forty," and "New Ideas which Complete the Spring Ensemble."



Wolsey is the name and wool stockinette the fabricating medium of these smart sun-suits. They are available in many colour schemes, and of course there are many other versions



of ping-pong balls; the most amusing designs are painted thereon. They are primarily destined for wearing on the beach, or in the garden with sun, and other suits of a similar genre.

## British Bathing Suits.

Really delightful are the Wolsey British bathing suits; they are made of smooth, soft wool with an elastic, close-ribbed knit that makes them fit, in the water or out of it, just like an extra skin. The colour schemes and the designs are



# THE NEW SECOND FLOOR

## EXCLUSIVE COCKTAIL SUITS



A THREE-PIECE COCKTAIL SUIT, very full trousers with plain top and short monkey jacket ; the sash is in a contrasting shade. Made in Crêpe de Chine, Tussore, etc., on green, blue, pink, yellow, mauve, red or black grounds with various contrasting designs **6 $\frac{1}{2}$  gns.**



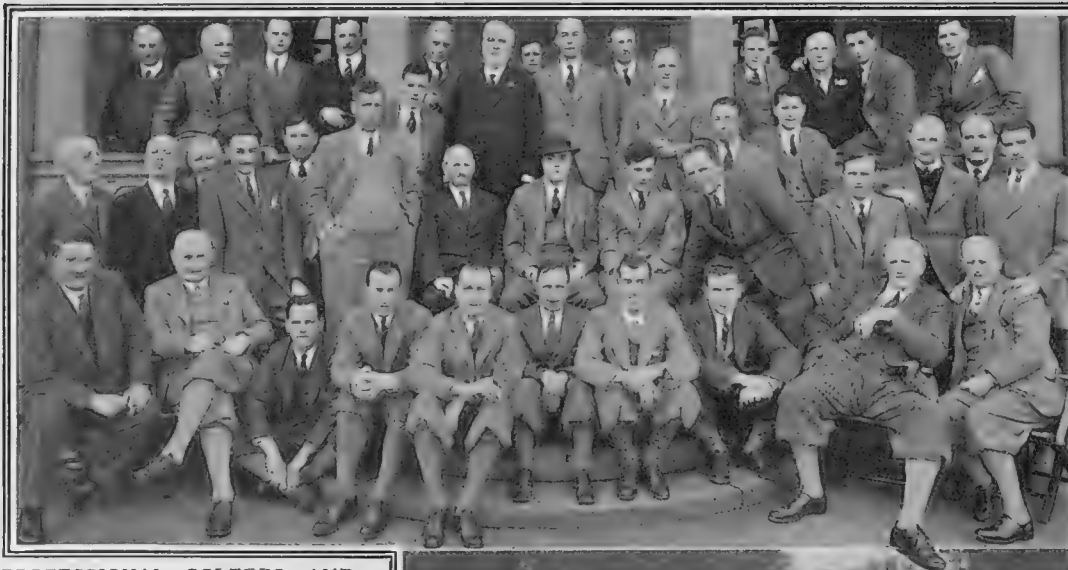
AN ORIGINAL DINNER PYJAMA in rich heavy satin, the extraordinary wide trousers cut in ten sectional flares to give the idea of a skirt ; fitting bodice with low back ; the coat which can be made to match or contrast is cut with cape effect at back and bordered with fur. In red, black and other combinations of colours **28 $\frac{1}{2}$  gns.**

Without fur, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  gns.

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SOME OF THE G.W.R. OFFICIALS

The names, left to right, are : Front row—Alec Herd, Harry Vardon, W. H. Davis, Hugh Roberts, E. Cowney, E. Ray, James Bradbeer; middle row: (Centre) Viscount Churchill, (on his right) G. W. Hands, proprietor of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, (on his left) A. J. Lacey, next, T. R. Fernie, C. A. Whitcombe, F. R. E. Davies, Secretary, G.W.R., Lord Castle-rosse, George Duncan; back row: R. Cope, Accountant, G.W.R., Edward Reeves, —, A. G. Hubbard, F. Grey, R. H. Nicholls, Superintendent of Line, G.W.R., W. H. Fraser, P. T. Perrins, etc.

This cheery gathering at Torquay, which took place in the last week-end in April, was at the joint invitation of Mr. G. W. Hands, proprietor of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, known as England's Guest



A VIEW OF THE PITCH AND PUTT COURSE IN THE  
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY



COMMANDER L. CREERY-HILL, SECRETARY  
OF THE MANOR HOUSE GOLF CLUB,  
MR. TED RAY, AND VISCOUNT CHURCHILL,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE G.W.R.

House, and the G.W. Railway, and a galaxy of professional golfers took part in the events. The 72 holes medal play on the small nine-hole course in the beautiful grounds of the Palace Hotel for prizes amounting to £300 presented by Mr. G. Hands, was won by Mr. C. A. Whitcombe, who accomplished the 72 holes in 200 strokes. S. A. Easterbrook was second with a score of 204. On Monday there was an 18-hole match over the full course of the Manor House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, for prizes presented by the G.W.R. This was won by A. J. Lacey, a brilliant young golfer whose score was 69—so far a record for the course.



THESE light-weight Morocco Leather Dressing Cases, size 18½ x 14 x 6 ins., are made at Mappin & Webb's London Manufactory.

The beautiful Enamel and Sterling Silver-gilt Brushes, Hand Mirror, etc., are conveniently fitted in the front of Case; a large compartment, free of Fittings, is available for Clothing.

The Enamel Dressing Table Service is obtainable in the leading colours.

SPECIAL  
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A Dressing Table Service (as Mirror illustrated), comprising 2 Hair Brushes, Hat and Cloth Brushes, Hand Mirror and Comb is priced at £10 10 0

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Such is the place we have set aside for our made-to-measure shirts and pyjamas. Here you can order shirts gay and shirts subdued, shirts to match your suits and shirts to contrast effectively with them . . . pyjamas of every colour and shade of colour, pyjamas plain and pyjamas patterned.

And as you look through the very wide range of

patterns put out for your inspection, you will realise how splendidly the Louis XIV room achieves its purpose. The very perfection of the surroundings puts you in a discriminating frame of mind, inspires you to an unerring choice . . . tells you of the care and skill that will go to the making of your shirts and pyjamas once you have selected your patterns.

For this Salon is yet another notable expression of the policy that we follow throughout all our shops . . . to provide the ideal environment in which a man can study his sartorial needs, and the means of satisfying those needs completely and perfectly.

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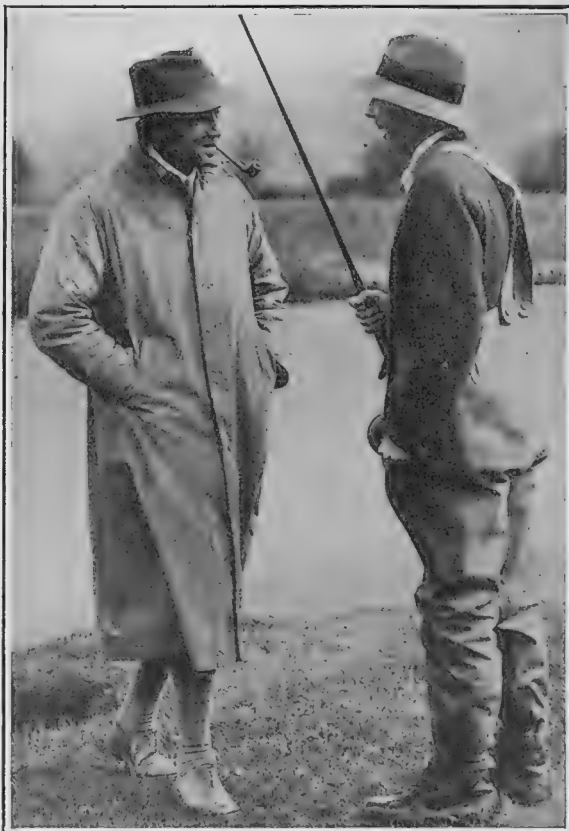
## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 264)

wheat toast, stewed apples, and tea. Berg starts the day with an alcohol sponge. He has breakfast at 9.30, and has much the same fare as Tony. After going to the gymnasium, he has dinner at five, consisting of boiled fish, meats, peas, lettuce, tomato, toast, and tea. He does not have soup.

It is bad enough to have to face orange juice, prunes, and sloppy eggs in the dewy dawn; but to have to eat steak and lamb chops at one sitting is nauseating. I don't quite get what "meats" mean in Kid Berg's menu, but it might mean almost any animal, or a whole menagerie of them. And it all sounds very trying, and to my way of thinking extraordinarily indigestible.

That new sporting organization, Broom's Sports Club, whose H.Q. are at Zoppot, near Dantzig, on the cobaltic Baltic, held its inaugural lunch at the Savoy last week, the Hon. Thomas J. Ley, ex-Minister of Justice of New South Wales being in the chair, and an excellent chairman he made. It was unfortunate that the date selected was City and Suburban day, but even so a good many people came, and numbers of them were people well known in the world of sport, including someone who in his 16th Lancers days used to be a first-class G.R. between the flags, and is familiar to everyone as that gallant soldier called "Goughy." The Hon. Thomas Ley made an admirable speech outlining the plan of campaign of this club, which as was stated in these notes a little while ago is, shortly put, to bring in under the one umbrella all the sporting enterprises in that salubrious place on the Baltic—racing, 'chasing, polo, yachting, and so forth. One thing not mentioned by Mr. Ley was this, that the steeplechase course at Zoppot is in



KILLING SALMON ON THE BLACKWATER

A snapshot from Fermoy of Mr. P. F. Wise and Lieut.-Commander H. W. Barry, who are fishing the famous river at Careysville, Fermoy. Reports from Ireland of the salmon fishing are excellent so far, and from this river in particular

fighting trim, a thing I did not know. I was told that this had to be built. I now see from a plan of the course that they have a flat course, a steeplechase course, and a hurdle course, and save that the jump-course seems to meander a bit, rather as I am told the one at Auteuil does, it looks all right. Apparently the course is very up to date with several grand stands, tote buildings in all three classes of enclosure, a car park, and its own railway station; in fact it looks to be well found in all its departments, and I am much looking forward to the time when (and if) I go racing there—a thing which I may not be able to do just yet awhile.

Here are two yarns from "The Rock" which someone who has served there sends me: There used to be a Jewish custom out there of burying a corpse in a grave with a mouth-piece to it. The stopper was removed at intervals, and prayers said into the cavity. A great plague of "ticks" had broken out in the kennels and had found a home in the ears of the Calpe hounds. "It's all the fault of them there Jew graves," the kennel-man complained; "as soon as them corks are pulled h'out, h'out the ticks marches and makes for over here." As the cemetery was well away from kennels, a more astounding inaccuracy could scarcely be made!

The next one is about Old Cubi (his real name, but long since dead), a famous old Jew dealer in everything, who was asked one morning how his nephew, who used to help him and who had just set up a show of his own in the "Shiny," was getting on: "Ach! it iss 'eart-breaking," said Cubi. "'E jus' get goin' nice and make plenty money—plenty, plenty money (here he clutched at the air with both hands and drew them to his chest)—just like that, see? Then, by God, he die!"

## Home-made Lemonade cannot be as good as KIA-ORA

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Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6. Aldwych

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

These notes should appear on May 6, a week before our Open Show. The Show this year has some special features in addition to the usual ones. There are the two Obedience Classes for Alsatians, also an Open Obedience Class for any breed of dog judged by the field trial experts, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Turner. The Obedience Classes will be judged the second day of the Show, May 14, beginning at 11 o'clock; everyone interested in the training of animals should go and see them. The judging for the "galloping Pekingese" special, which always causes such amusement, will be at 2 o'clock on the 14th. The Childrens' Classes will be judged at 3.30 the same day. Immediately following them will be a parade of the famous "Brave Dogs"; every one of these dogs has saved a human life. But the first day, May 13, also has its interests, as an "Alsatian Cabaret" will take place at 6.30 consisting of three trained Alsatians in a programme of eight items. The dogs are well-known winners, and have distinguished themselves at Police Trials and in Obedience Classes, and their performance should be worth seeing. There will therefore be plenty to interest the general public as well as those who are interested in the breeding of pedigree dogs. Those, of course, should not omit to visit this Show, which is one of the best shows held in the year, and the only two-days show held in the summer in the London radius. There are classes of almost all known breeds of dogs, and the foreign dog classes usually contain much of interest. "All roads lead to Olympia," and we all go there so often to see various shows, and this is certainly one that should be put on our list.



SULHAMSTEAD KESTA  
The property of Mrs. Nagle

Mrs. Harrison is doing well with her kennel of Dandies, and she should, as it was carefully founded on the best



CANNY CRUSADER  
The property of Mrs. Harrison

the enormous number of entries of puppies of all breeds in the Criterion, this is no mean win. Mrs. Nagle has some young dogs for disposal now, all of the best breeding, also some Irish Setters, bred from her famous dogs.

The Dachshund is one of the most popular dogs as a companion and has much to recommend him. He is very intelligent, and his short coat brings no dirt into the house; also he is a smart-looking dog; he is extremely sporting in addition; in his native land he is used for work which is done here by terriers. Miss Dixon has always been one of his most devoted admirers, and sends a picture of her good dog Karkoko. She can usually supply puppies and young dogs.

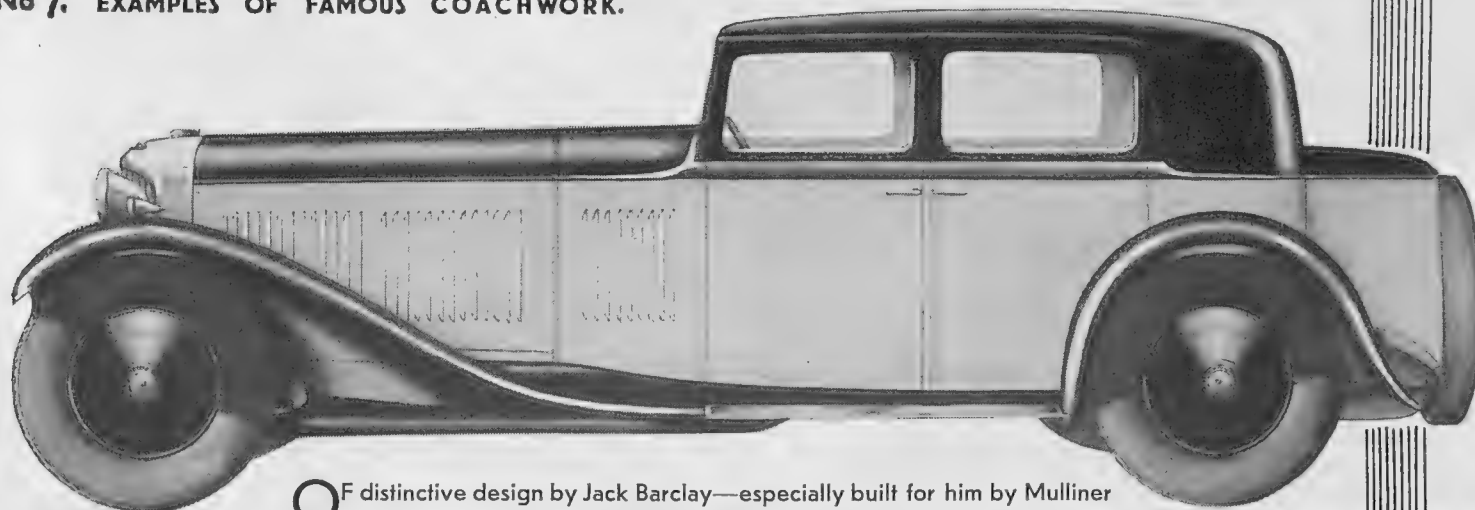
All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



KARKOKO  
The property of Miss Dixon

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. S. J. HAYMAN

Who before her marriage was Miss Dorothy Cook, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cook. She was married on April 25 at Purley to Mr. Stanley J. Hayman, the old Tonbridgian

marriage between Mr. Benjamin Thomas and Miss Alix Bay Robinson, which is to be a quiet one.

## This Month.

Captain Jack Norman Barraclough (retired), of London, and Miss Beatrice Leonie Stewart of Newcastle-on-Tyne, are being married quietly at Jesmond Parish Church on the 16th of this month; on the same day there will be the marriage of Mr. Gerald Holt and Miss Blanche Hill, which is to take place at Burrington Church, Somerset; and on the 23rd, Mr. B. A. Hamilton,

## June Weddings.

Early in June Colonel Colin MacLeod Robertson, C.B., D.S.O., T.D., D.L., of Glasgow, is marrying Miss Ann Marsali Buchanan of Ardmoy. Rhu, and their wedding will take place quietly at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, W. On June 4, Mr. St. John MacLure and Miss Cicely Bellhouse are being married at Tinwell near Stamford; Captain Colin Macnaughtan, the Queen's Bays, and Miss Vere Whitehurst have also fixed June for their wedding, but the official date is not yet announced; and on the 2nd, there is the



MR. AND MRS. C. T. MITFORD

Photographed after their wedding on April 22. Mr. Cecil Townley Mitford, who is in the 60th Rifles, is the second son of Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon Mitford of Pitshill, Petworth, and his wife was formerly Miss Phyllis Buxton, and is the daughter of the late Mr. E. G. Buxton of Catton Hall, and of Mrs. Buxton of Horringer Court, Bury St. Edmunds

3rd Carabiniers, marries Miss Geraldine Wrohan at Beaulieu Abbey, Hants.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain William Geoffrey Beauchamp White, the younger son of Mr. A. R. White, D.L., O.B.E., and Mrs. White, O.B.E., of Charnage, Mere, Wiltshire, and Miss Elizabeth Joan Whatley, the eldest daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whatley of Burdop, Swindon, Wiltshire; Mr. Reginald Sully Oulton of Durrants Manor, Shipley, Sussex, the son of the late Mr. William Oulton, LL.D., of Liverpool, and of Mrs. Oulton, and Miss Gladys Mary Puttock, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Puttock, Oakdene, Billinghurst; Mr. Humphrey Oliver Aneurin Shelton-Agar, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cruwell Shelton-Agar of Ceylon, and Miss Irene Gwendolyn Wilmot, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald M. Wilmot of Craymead, Sidcup, Kent.



MISS JOAN LANG

The only child of Lieut.-Colonel L. E. Lang, C.I.E., M.C., Resident at Kolhapur, India, and of Mrs. Lang, whose engagement at Poona to Mr. Charles Walter Philipps Richardson, the King's Own Scottish Borders, was announced recently

## COMMUNITY PLATE

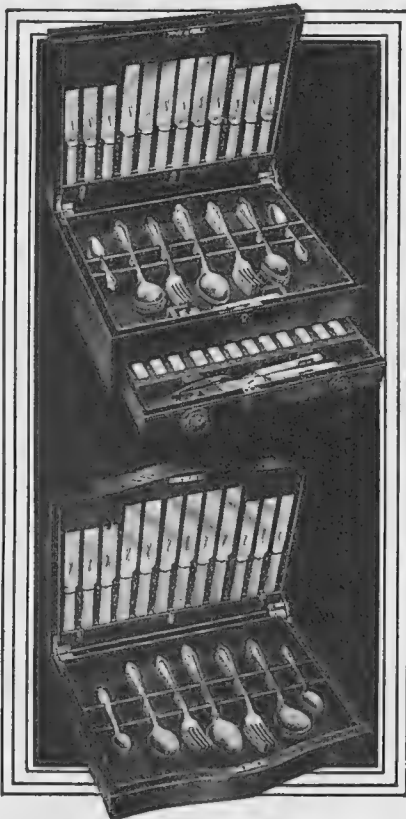
COMPLETE SERVICES



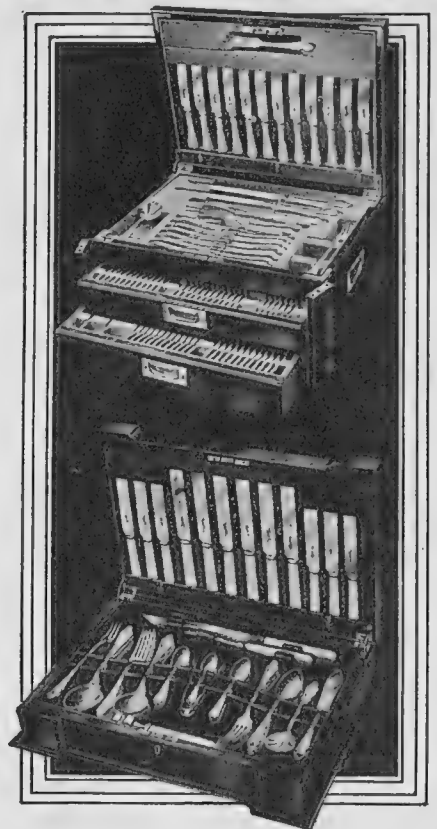
Community Plate offers canteens with complete service for six people, for as little as eight guineas or a gift set for as little as 3/6. Lovely, lasting Community is made in four beautiful designs—Deauville, Patrician, Hepplewhite and Sheraton—reading from left to right.



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# BEAUTIFUL SPAIN



SANTANDER. Magdalena Peninsula from Royal Hotel.  
Royal Palace in background.



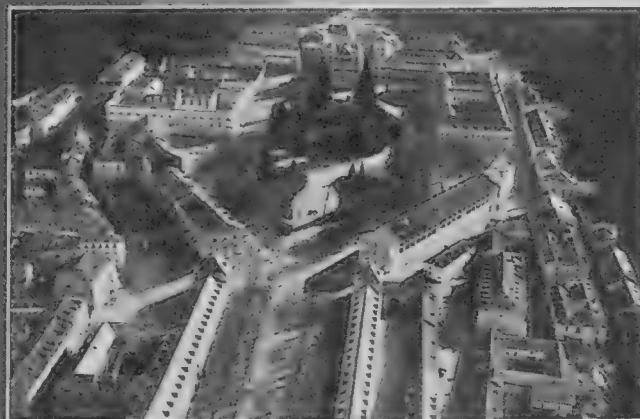
General view of AVILA.



TOLEDO seen from orchards.



SALAMANCA. The Cathedral and the river Tormes.



La Granja. Royal Site of St. Ildefonso.



Royal Site of Aranjuez.

## VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; MUNICH, 8, Residenzstrasse; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Litts, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

## Topics of Varied Interest

### Insulating Wallboard.

Not the least interesting feature of several of the ideal homes on view at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia was the use of insulating wallboard in the construction of walls and ceilings. This modern building material has other functions besides that of giving brighter and more attractive interior decoration. It is employed to deaden sound, to enable a house to be more economically kept warm in winter and cool in summer, and to prevent heat and fumes spreading to other rooms from the kitchen. Treetex, the board used throughout the Hush Hush House, the Lovell's Maplescombe House, and Stanmore House, is an excellent example of insulating wallboard. These boards are made from tough timber-fibres knitted together, and being virtually filled with dead air form a really wonderful insulating material. In the Lovell's Maplescombe House, where the decorative adaptabilities of the board in wall, ceiling, frieze, and panel were seen at their best, attractive colour schemes have been carried out with distemper, and the Stanmore House was an excellent example of how Treetex can be wallpapered.



A ROOM IN LOVELL'S MAPLESCOMBE HOUSE

*Treetex is the board used throughout, and is an excellent example of insulating wallboard*

### The Fascination of Gladioli.

Is it not capital news that Kelway and Son, the pioneer workers with gladioli in this country, are offering a reduction of 25 per cent. on the English gladioli; this is to meet the competition of those dumped into Great Britain from abroad. Full details regarding prices will be found in the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free. It is to them that we owe the great development of this flower, and the origin of the fine race of primulinus known as the Langprim hybrids; they are particularly effective and graceful for indoor decoration.

### All-Electric Radio Sets.

No one can fail to be interested in all-electric radio sets. One of the most popular mains units is Clarke's Atlas A.C. 188, which was shown at the Olympia Wireless Exhibition. For those technically inclined it may be pointed out that the A.C. 188 has two variable and one fixed tapping and gives an output of 25 mil. amp. at 150 volts. It is perfectly silent and free from hum. It incorporates the Westinghouse metal rectifier and carries a twelve-months' guarantee. Any radio dealer will demonstrate this set which costs £6, or further details will be sent on application to the makers, H. Clarke and Co. (Mer.), Ltd., Atlas Works, Old Trafford, Manchester.



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H.M. The King.

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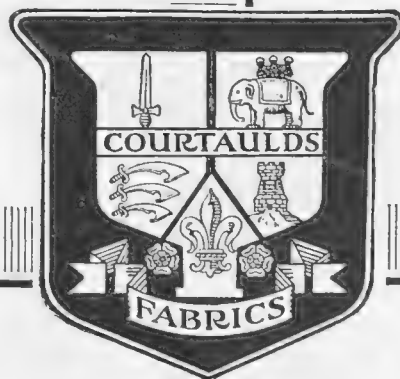
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## Polo Notes—Continued from p. 270

As to the now budding polo season, we do not know what it may hold in store for us, but so far as can be seen it will be confined entirely to our own domestic preoccupations. We have no International tournament on hand as we had last year, though this is not the same thing as saying that there is not every reason why some most necessary spadework for the 1933 encounter with America should not be done; we have no distinguished visiting teams as we had last year in the persons of those fine exponents from Australia, the Goulburn team; the visit of America's Boys' Brigade, Old Aiken, to which we were looking forward, has had to be cancelled, because most of its units still have to make their arrangements for recreation subservient to the authorities of their various Universities, and so far as it is possible to predict at the moment no definite news can be forecast as to our intentions were an Army team to challenge the American Army in 1932. I should think that it is extremely improbable that, so long as the present Government remains in power, any grant-in-aid of giving the hard-worked soldier man any fun outside his job will be forthcoming. If, however, this—the more ambitious overseas operation, our challenge to America—is to be undertaken seriously, the present season is none too early a time to commence laying the foundation stones. It is obvious that we cannot hope for success unless and until we alter the plan of campaign which has obtained from and including 1921 onwards. We cannot train a team fit to tackle America solely on English soil. The preliminary work it may be possible to do here, but the real work must be done in America, and I think this fact has hammered itself in pretty hard. The best

staff work is brought to naught by this fickle English climate which, as we have seen not once but many times—last season a recent case in point—is capable of wiping out all chance of International tournament speed at any moment. A week's or a fortnight's rain is never an impossible contingency in our Spring and in our Summer. Rain ere now has deprived us of six weeks and even more of our season. Slow games on soggy ground are worse than useless. Jupiter Pluvius is the real person who can decide whether we are to have a well-trained team or not, and most times he has said "Not"! It is quite unsafe to gamble upon this climate. We can put covers over a cricket pitch or a tennis court, but you cannot do the same thing where a polo ground is concerned. We have been asked by our hospitable foemen to utilize California as a winter training centre, and go out, ponies and all complete, early in the year and play ourselves in till June or July. Why we have never availed ourselves of this advantage no one really knows. I am certain that it is the only way.



W. Dennis does  
AT THE BEAUFORT SPRING TOURNAMENT: LORD SEFTON, MAJOR REX BENSON, AND CAPTAIN J. DE PRÉT The No. 1, the back, and the No. 3 of the Osmaston team, which was amongst the starters. So far as London is concerned things do not look too good for an early start

In the official review of the season at Ranelagh last year occurs the following paragraph:

Last year, although bad weather interfered considerably with the game, polo was played at Ranelagh on forty-four days during May, June, and July. It was a difficult season owing to the rain causing postponements of fixtures, but the grounds were in excellent condition, and only one tournament was abandoned—the Handicap Challenge Cup. No fewer than 105 games were played.

Forty-four days is exactly a month and a half! If we want to win back that Cup from America, as presumably we do, and as so many of us believe we can, we have got to train for a year and play tournament polo for six months.

By APPOINTMENT TO



H.M. THE QUEEN.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



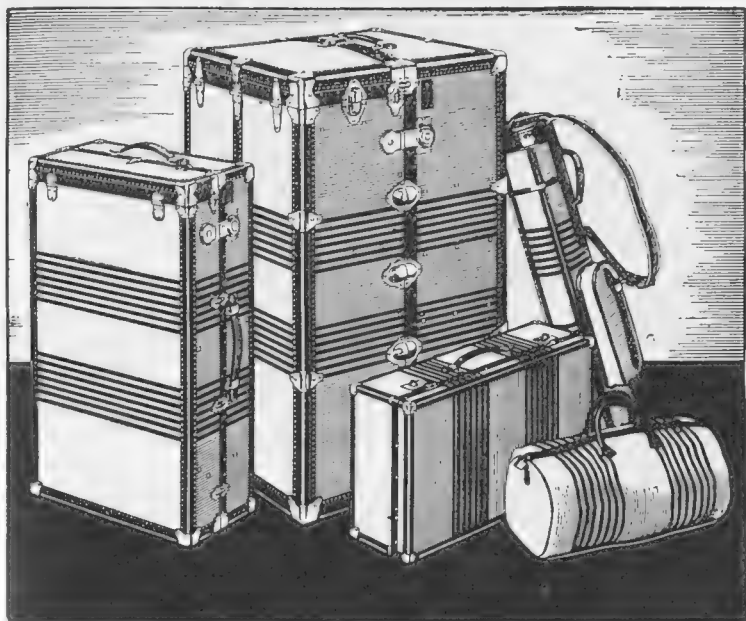
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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

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is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6

### GANESH CLEANSING CREAM

has a soothing effect and penetrates far into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Leaves the skin wonderfully soft and smooth. 2/6, 6/6, 8/6

### GANESH EYE LOTION

Especially good for cleansing the eyes after motoring or travelling. 2/6

### GANESH EASTERN

#### SKIN FOOD

nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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#### BANDALETTES

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**THUS SAID CALUM THE KEEPER**—*cont. from p. 272*  
tombstones with hour-glasses and death's heads rudely carved upon them, and half-obliterated names—all deserted and left to decay—too old even for burial.

"Weel, there," proceeded Calum, "was a hale concourse o' witches on horseback with hounds and terriers. There was Tibbie Muir on an auld runt o' a grey horse which Davie could see was naeboddy but the game-legged cowman o' Fintalich, and there was the mistress o' Drumnawhance on a fat mare that looked to Davie unco' like her dairymaid, and there was an auld witch on a strawberry roan that had a look o' the cattleman o' Innerpeffray, an' a wife on a black horse that was nae other than the grievie o' Balwharrie.

"The horses a' stood together pechin' and hanging their heids under an auld ash tree while their mistresses loupit and skirled inside the walls o' the kirk."

"God save us!" said Bella.

Calum went on to describe such an unco' sight as Tam o' Shanter saw when Old Nick, "a towsie tyke, black, grim, and large," played hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels for the warlocks and the witches of Alloway.

"Then oot they rade," the keeper continued, "and followed doon the burn, and raised a hare in a park and chased her doon to the Water o' Earn. There's a line there o' bogs where the river used to run, and Maggie set Davie at ane o' them, an' he nae mair than landed i' the glaur on the ither side and pu'd himsel' oot mair deid than alive. How Davie and Maggie got hame at last I needna say; but when he woke up in the morning he was sae stiff and sair that he could hardly make a move to rise; but he was nevertheless main glad to see Andrew looking fresh and rested after his sleep."

"He nicht hae been dreamin'," said Bella.

"So he thought," Calum replied, "but when he went down the steps in the early morning, there he saw the mark o' the fower hoofs in the midden."

Calum paused, nor did anyone venture to dispute the weight of that piece of evidence.



A MINOR OPERATION: DR. HOPE GOSSE AND LESLIE HENSON—VICTIM

At the first tee in the St. Mary's Hospital v. Stage contest at Moor Park. The Stage won four out of five foursomes, and nine out of twelve singles. Leslie Henson got a divot or something in his eye almost before the start

"Well, Davie was a cannie lad, an' he said naething tae his brither; but when Maggie was in the byre milkin' the kye, he had a good keek round the kitchen, and there in the benmost-bore o' a nuik ahint the salt-box he found the bridle, and an unco' bridle it was with a silver bit an' plates o' brass wi' sic writing on them as Davie couldna' read.

"The lad took the bridle and waited till nicht time, and when Maggie was asleep in her bed he went in-by and slipped the bridle over her head, and she took the shape o' a bonny black mare.

"Then he led her round tae the smiddy, and he knocked up the smith and said 'Shoe me this mare.' Maggie, she reared and she flang; but they put a twitch on her nose and shod her fairly, and then Davie led her back and tied her up in the stable.

"In the morning there was no mare in the stable; but the bridle was hangin' to the halter, and Davie took it into the kitchen when he went in to breakfast, but nae breakfast nor Maggie was there. Then they heard a sair greetin' an' sabbin' frae ben the hoose and Davie went through the door, and there was Maggie lyin' cryin' with the bed-clothes over her head. He snatched the blankets off her, an' sure as deith, she had four iron shoes on her hands and feet."

"He had her there," said Bella vindictively.

"Well, he put the bridle on her again, and took her round to the smiddy in the shape of a mare, and he made the smith unshoe her, an' brought her hirplin' back, and took aff the bridle, and there was Maggie, muckle ashamed o' hersel'. So the two went doon together tae the banks o' the Water o' Earn and threw the bridle into a black hole. And they do say," ended Calum, "that Andrew never looked back from that day, and Davie married Maggie Macgillivray and was master o' her and Nether-Colquhalzie."

"And yet," said Bella triumphantly, "there's some that dinna believe in witches."

Those who share this incorrigible incredulity may be advised to read the authentic version of Calum's story concisely related by J. F. Campbell in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," vol. ii, p. 69.

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A few months ago, because of a fall in the cost of living, **HOTEL TARIFFS IN ITALY WERE REDUCED BY 10%**. They were already among the lowest in Europe. Tickets at a reduction of from 30% to 50% are issued to various parts of Italy on the Italian State Railways.

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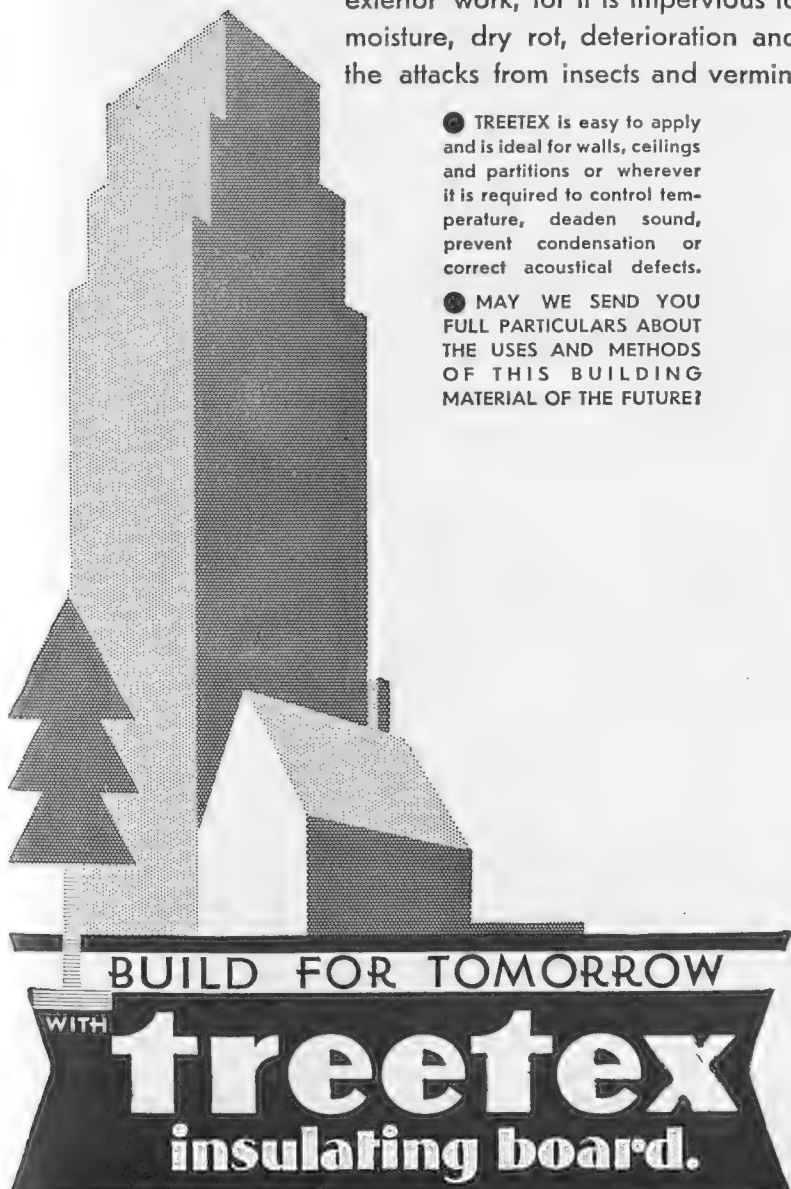
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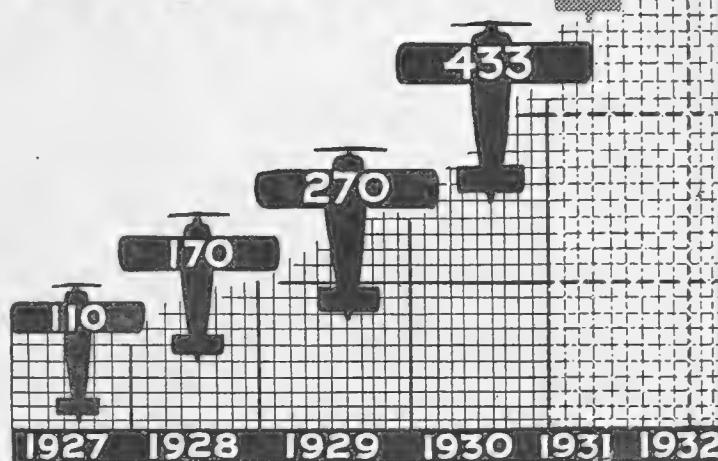
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# HESTON AIR PARK

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 240

thrive on use. If they are left in the hangar they mope and develop all kinds of unexpected troubles. They seem to be hypochondriacal. But keep them constantly at work and they seem to run more and more sweetly as time goes by. An old, well-used machine can be a delight to the pilot who knows it well.

**Schneider Trophy.**

Some details have been published of the French preparations for the Schneider Trophy race in the Solent in September. It seems that three new sea-planes are being built by the firms of Nieuport-Delage, Bernard, and Dewoitine, and that they will be fitted with engines of two different types, built by Lorraine and Renault. The Lorraine, to the designs of M. Barbarou, is expected to give 2,200 h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. It is an inverted V 12-cylinder engine. The Renault is to give 2,300 h.p. with a weight of about 1,540 lb.

The French designers are deliberately aiming at speeds of 400 m.p.h. Capitaine Amaurich is in charge of the military pilots from whom the actual racing team will be chosen, but I hear that the testing of the aircraft will be done by the firms' pilots: MM. Doret, Paillard, and Sadi-Lecointe. This is a different system from the British in which the R.A.F. pilots take over the aircraft from the time they are finished and do all the first test flights. The French effort is formidable, and it may be that their sea-planes will be even more dangerous to the British defenders than the Italian.

**Imperial Airways.**

Imperial Airways will soon have a fleet of fifteen four-engined aircraft, and when these are all in service the

company will be able to proceed with the work of stabilizing its Empire routes. Imperial Airways is in a difficult position, for being the only British company it automatically becomes the object of adverse criticism from anyone who thinks that he has some complaint to make about air transport.

In fact it is always well to remember—and to bring the fact constantly to the notice of these critics—that Imperial Airways have now come closer to making civil air transport pay than the companies in any other country in the world; that they have established a safety record which is the envy of all other companies; that they are now engaged in giving their passengers comfort, and that they work with a schedule efficiency of 94 per cent. and 99 per cent. on the India route.

Comfort is of great importance to the air traveller. The sensational high-speed flights that have been made by American aircraft recently should not be allowed to obscure that point. The regular air traveller, the one who uses air transport as a means of getting about and not solely as a means of obtaining a novel experience, demands comfort.

When the comfort has been improved then the speeds must undoubtedly be raised. But for the time being there is much to be said for concentrating on comfort.

The cabins of the new Short flying boats are certainly the most luxurious ever seen in a standard type of aircraft. There is plenty of room, the passengers sit in pairs with tables between them, and a good-sized gangway runs between the pairs of seats.

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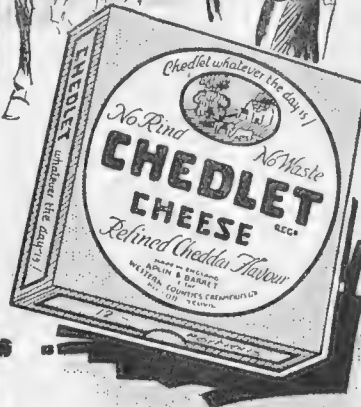
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A group taken just after the encounter over the links at Cagnes sur Mer, when the Riviera beat the combined team from the ships by 11½ matches to 3½

The names, from left to right, are: Sitting—Major S. J. Symons, Mr. E. S. Lowe (Chairman, Riviera Club), Baron de Bellet (Hon. Vice-President Riviera Club), Colonel Buck Anderson (President Riviera Club), Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield (C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet), H.H. the Aga Khan, Rear-Admiral James, Eng. Commander Grey, Sir Walter de Frece. Standing—Pay-Lieut. Lade, C. W. Constantine, Lieut.-Commander Keene, Lieut.-Colonel McNair Smith, R.M., F. Birchenall, Wing-Commander Cooke, R.A.F., Pay-Sub-Lieut. Pounteney, Captain Hunt, J. Sykes, Lieut. Brown, Lieut.-Commander Beevor J. Quinn, Commander Bell, Commander Browne, Sir Wm. Yarworth Jones



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## Eve at Golf.

(Continued from p. 274)

sixties, that was too much to expect, but a very steady 72—a figure which has won the Kitcat medal before now. Miss Dorothy Pearson came in with a 69 for the scratch prize, Miss Rudgard hard on her heels with 70, Mrs. Gold with another 71. All very excellent, and Ranelagh just as it always has been and will be, with the peacocks looking at their reflections in the windows and the good old clock striking the knell of some card just as the player tees up beneath it at the 16th; with the Ranelagh cake and the Ranelagh queries over local rules. You may fill up the canal at the cedar-tree hole, so that nobody can boast now of having carried its muddy depths; you may fence players round with wire for their greater safety on the more exposed tees; you cannot really change Ranelagh, nor prevent players socketing from that 8th tee to behind the 9th tee. Such things will happen; they only add to the gaiety of nations. And after all, there is Portmarnock waiting for the real International matches.

After Ranelagh, Wentworth, for "Britannia and Eve's" Spring Medal Foursomes. Miss Rudgard must have some special genius for foursomes. Three years ago at Woodhall she won the Northern with Miss Worsley for her partner; last year she won them again with Mrs. Bradshaw. This spring she first wins the London with Miss Enid Wilson, then the Northern again with Mrs. Bradshaw, and tops up exactly a week later by winning the Spring Medal Foursomes with Miss Cotgrave partnering her. At Woodhall she gave away strokes by the half century; at Wentworth the challenge cups are scratch, but just to show she could still give strokes, she and Miss Cotgrave, only having five between them for the 36 holes, topped the handicap aggregate as well—158—5=153. A very great record indeed.



Three at a sitting: Mrs. Clement, Mrs. R. D. Hardicker, and Mrs. Alan Hartley resting by the way. They all competed in the recent Northern Foursomes at Woodhall Spa

The holders, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson, put up a good fight at Wentworth. They headed the scratch list on the course officially called East, known to the majority of players as the Old or the Long, with 82 (Miss Rudgard's side was 83 there); and they were second for the cups. Scratch on the Centre, Middle, or Short course went to Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Dudley Charles with 76, Miss Rudgard's 75 being ineligible for another prize; handicap on the East to the two Misses Kerr of Sheringham, who had never seen it before and did excellently to return 83—5=78; handicap aggregate to Mrs. Walter Payne and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, Miss Rudgard being ineligible, and handicap on the Centre to Miss Pim and Miss Garnham, Mrs. Payne being ineligible; Miss Pim's side was also third for the scratch aggregate. Considering that the weather was none too kind, scoring in the end was distinctly good.

The next day the weather broke down utterly, and after getting soaked to the skin in attempting to open officially the West Sussex course at Pulborough, Miss Wethered and Miss Wanda Morgan put off till the day after their rout there of Mr. Roger Wethered and Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer. When it came it was convincing. The ladies, receiving a third in a best ball four-baller, were never less than three up, at one time six up, and won by 5 and 3. As to the glories and wonders of Pulborough, whether you wish to talk of the portraits of tigers on the tee boxes, the configuration of the holes, the texture of the greens, or the charm of the scenery, you must wait till there is a whole empty page at disposal. Nothing less can do credit to so magnificent a course.

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.



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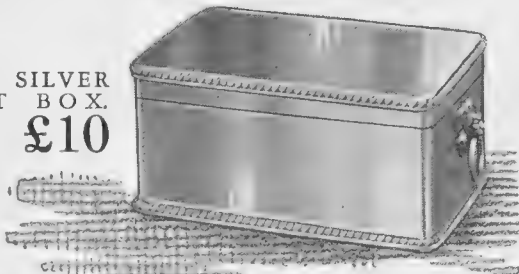
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LADY CARNARVON

Guineas day produced rather spotty weather, and the big race itself was run in a shower. Everyone of course was glad to see Mr. J. A. Dewar win his first classic with his nice little colt, Cameronian, but there is little doubt that Goyescas would have won if he had not lost so much ground at the start. Lady Chesterfield is an aunt of Lord Nunburnholme. The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson is a sister of Lord Harcourt, and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Lady Carnarvon are sisters-in-law

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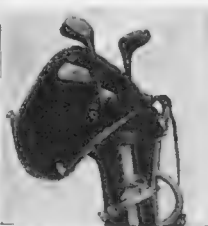
All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



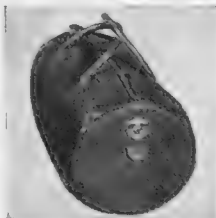
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GOSWELL WORKS, STRATFORD, E.15.

**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 266

more than he could hope to do by any fuel-economizing scheme ever put forward by even the most audacious. Secondly, have the car well washed and polished at regular intervals, so that moth and rust do not have too good a chance to corrupt—the insurance company will look after the other half of the quotation. Let this service be applied both within and without—I mean have the incidental chassis bearings washed and polished, too, at the same time as the panels are being made presentable. That ought to make a difference of at least another £10 per annum. Total, £15. A handsome sum that utterly swamps the Chancellor's demands. Then you can always (if you have the courage) sack your driver or let him do a real job of work in the garden. Failing that, you can readily prove to yourself that keeping two cars is cheaper than keeping one. And all the heads of the great big banks will tell you that the more you spend now the more you are contributing to national wealth. I shall not attempt to expatiate further upon this proposition, which is quite beyond me, but if the McKennas and the Goodenoughs say so, it must be so. But I will definitely endorse the multiple car scheme—it keeps happy both the young folks and the old folks at home. It is not easy to express that benefit in pounds, shillings, and pence, but it is not unreasonable to say that the sum represented is quite substantial.

\* \* \*

**Its Own Garage.**

This business of economizing reminds me that I have recently been looking at a car,

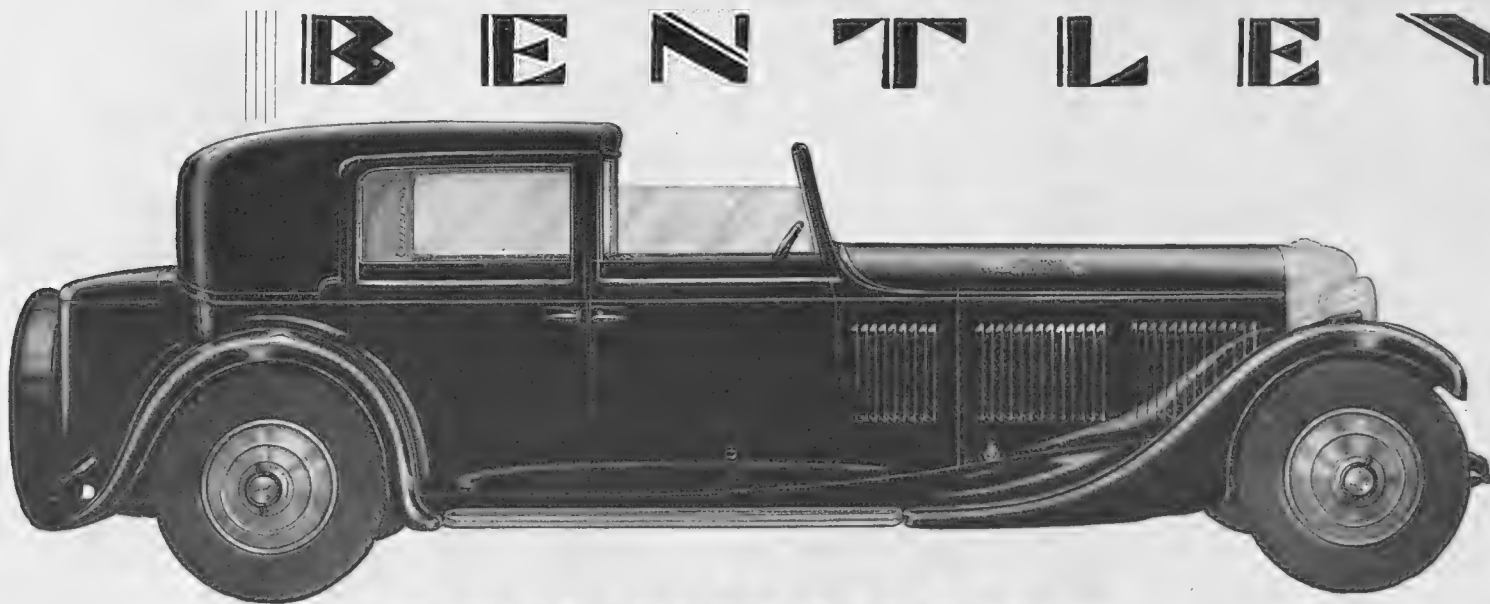
initially not expensive, that has been living the open-air life for over a year. A true "hiker" this, for it is driven far and wide on pleasure bent, and when it comes home it has the merest apology of a roof to cover it. Its owner is one of those be-spectacled jumper-clad enthusiasts, the sort that can make a presentable garden out of a brickyard, and his argument was that if cellulose paint was really weather-proof, and if chromium plate was equally so, then a car should want no shelter. And truly I do not believe it does, judging from the appearance of this strenuously-used example. As far as I could gather the most he has done has been to let out the radiator water o' nights, but—mark the efficiency of the brute—this has been invariably taken into the scullery

for washing-up purposes. Quoth he, "It was a bit rusty at first, but if you run it off often enough, it soon gets clean. Soon we reckon that we shall be able to make tea with it. The doctor has advised my wife to take a little iron." But now, setting aside the pellucidly blue-eyed arguments of this lunatic, the fact still remains that his car does not look the least bit worse for its harsh régime. A little of the gloss has gone from its bonnet, and, perchance, the chromium is not so cruelly bright as it was upon the date of delivery, but I have seen cars that have been habitually snugly nested in far worse condition. "I don't want a garage," says this car-owner. "Give me a park like this (pointing to a patch of mud about twenty by ten) and I'm perfectly happy." "Don't you ever have any starting troubles in the morning," I asked—for he is perforce a train-catcher. "No fear," was the reply. "We tip our hot water-bottles into the radiator and she goes off like a gun."



A REHEARSAL OF "IF I WERE KING"

An amateur performance of which was organised by Mrs. Fortescue Flannery in aid of the funds of the Y.W.C.A., and of which H.H. Princess Helena Victoria graciously consented to be patron. Included in this group are, in the front row, left to right: Mrs. H. Colchester Wemyss (assistant stage manager), Miss V. Mills, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Fortescue Flannery, Mrs. Clayton Eatherley (the producer), Mr. H. Gedge, Miss Brown, and others

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(Official Retailers of Bentley Cars)

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EVERYWHERE the 8-litre Bentley is being hailed as the most impressive car on the road. Such a chassis demands coachwork of distinction, and in this Sporting Fixed Head Cabriolet, *Thrupp & Maberly* have designed a body which symbolises the best traditions of English coachcraft, while remaining essentially modern in conception. Perfect in finish and in luxury of appointment it reflects close attention to the needs of an exclusive motoring class.



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THE greatest satisfaction in life is to realise that one's job has been well and truly done.

The value of any achievement is enhanced by the toils and trials of the way.

It is a monument to the skill and energy, patience and determination of those who have carried it through from its first inception as an idea to its completion, showing to the world what inspired endeavour can do.

One has but to study the career of such a Company as the Standard to realise what degree of excellence can be not only aimed at, but achieved.

The work of British engineers, in whatever sphere, is acknowledged supreme, every continent and country carries examples of work brilliantly designed and carried out.

The Standard car is an outstanding example of wise forethought, efficient workmanship, thorough inspection and test.

Standard cars are the best value—prove this for yourself.

*All-British*  
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"ENVOY"  
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloons  
£385

"ENSIGN" SIX  
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated  
£245    £275    £285

"BIG NINE"  
Four Cylinder Saloons  
From £195—£255

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

## CAR CAMEOS

### The Singer "Victory" Ten Saloon

I hardly like to think how many years ago it was that I tried a Singer Ten; this was the first model of its kind, and a pioneer amongst British light cars, of which in its time it was probably far the best. Since then there has, I fancy, generally been a Ten in the Singer programme, and it is good that a famous name should thus be kept up. But of all these Tens, none, in point of all-round excellence, approaches the current model. This is, in every way, a very striking production, thoroughly characteristic of the enterprise of that great industrialist, Mr. W. E. Bullock.

I expected a good deal of this car on the strength of a record—of which, by the way, far too little notice was taken at the time. This was the run, performed at Montlhéry on a standard saloon model which, in spite of the most appalling weather conditions averaged 55·9 m.p.h. for forty-eight hours. One could hardly ask for finer proof of stamina. As for the speed, that speaks for itself. There is no question about the Singer Ten's ability to go.

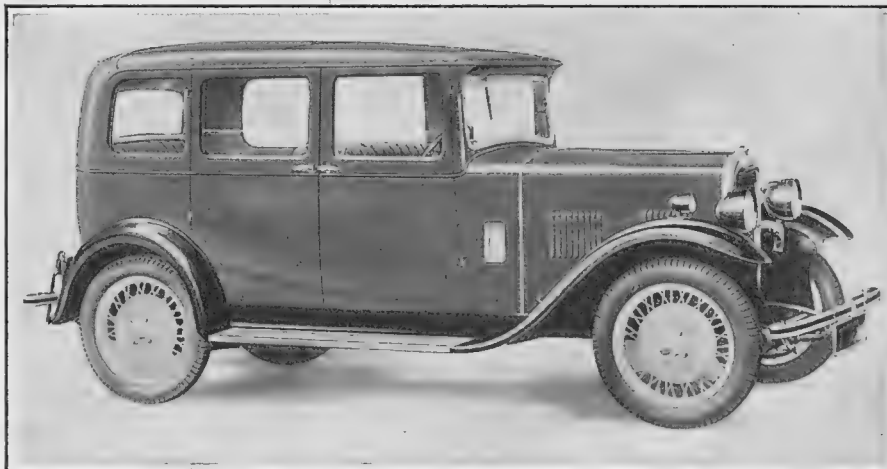
What is, however, equally to the point is that it goes with almost surprising sweetness. The engine is a straightforward honest "four"—a clean-lined and well-finished unit—and with no high falutin' super efficiency details about it. It is not noisy, it is excellently balanced, and it is so elastic that, even with a three-speed box, it gives an unexceptionable performance. It must be mentioned, however, that at a small extra cost a four-speed box is available.

The saloon body is big for the price—the wheel-base being 104 in.—and it is so well designed that there is ample room for

its normal complement, and, at a pinch (as I proved) five full-sized adults can ride in it without too much of a squeeze. What struck me very forcibly was that this overload did not seem to make the smallest difference to the behaviour of the Ten. Its suppleness of suspension was no more affected than its cheerful top-gear attack on gradients. Here I thought was an admirable example of the benefits that come from the exactly right choice of axle ratio.

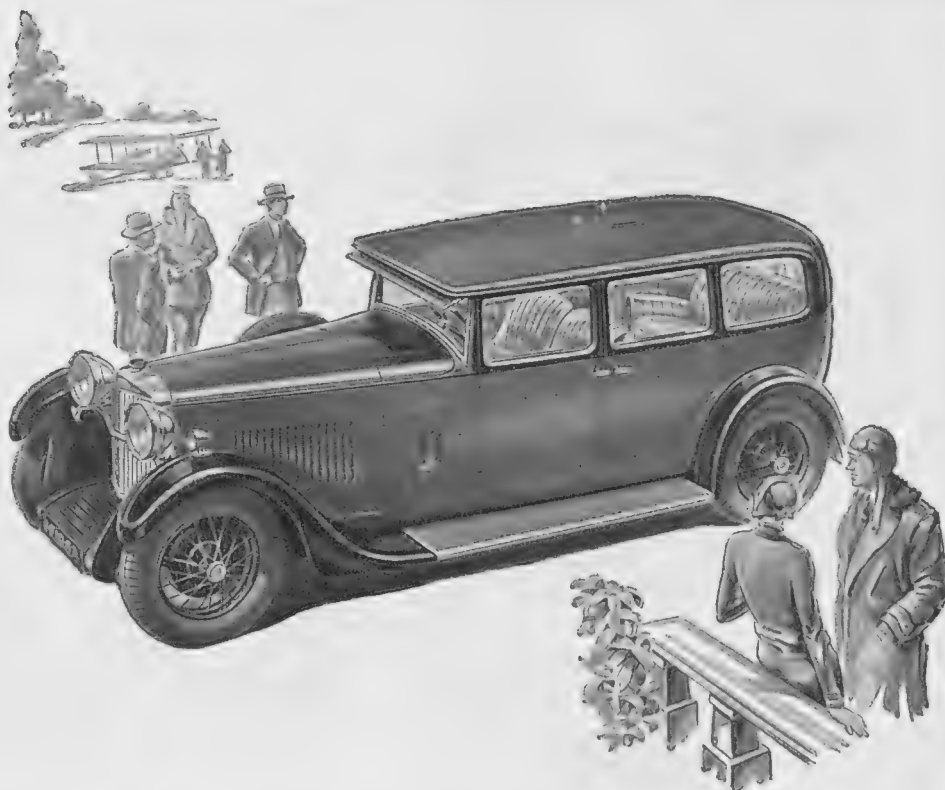
My next outstanding impression was derived from the "presentation" of the car as a whole. Both within and without it is complete down to the last possible detail. A point that especially appeals to me—who have a horrible dread of fire—is that the tank is at the back, as it should be in all cars whatsoever. The consumption I judge to be low out of the ordinary. It must be close upon thirty miles to the gallon, in spite of a great deal of "hogging," and in this respect I fancy that this lively "four" has something over a good many of the small sixes.

As I swished the "Victory" saloon up hill and down dale, enjoying its responsiveness and its agility, I found it difficult to believe that the whole outfit cost but £190. It has, if you understand me, the "feel" which you would associate with a much higher sum of money. Besides being dignified in mien it is also dignified in performance. It is neither fussy nor bumpy. It averages well without worrying. All its controls are nice to handle, and well disposed. All the detail stuff works well, giving the suggestion that if (as is manifest from its price) it is turned out upon a quantity basis, it has nevertheless been subjected to critical test. And in regard to this last point I would add that the sample that I drove, and that pleased me so much, was not a "demonstrator" but one taken "straight off the peg." I treated it by no means tenderly, but it answered beyond my expectations. And that, with a Singer product, is saying a great deal.



THE SINGER "TEN" FOUR-SPEED MODEL

**Y**ou will appreciate the beauty of the 20 h.p. Sunbeam with its sweeping, well balanced design, modern and distinctive. You will like the comfort of it—the wide doors and well proportioned window lights, the arm rests and adjustable seats, richly upholstered, deeply sprung. And when you actually drive it you will know the most complete enjoyment that motoring can offer. The smooth, generous power, the extreme quietness of its running, the remarkable performance of the new "twin top" gear box, all give motoring a new significance—a new joy. British craftsmen working with the finest materials and guided by the unrivalled Sunbeam experience make this car. Take an early opportunity of trying a 20 h.p. Sunbeam on the road. We shall be pleased to arrange a demonstration run at any time to suit your convenience. The Sunbeam range also includes the 16 h.p. and 25 h.p. six-cylinder types. Prices from £550 to £1250. Full catalogue sent promptly on request. Dunlop tyres standard.



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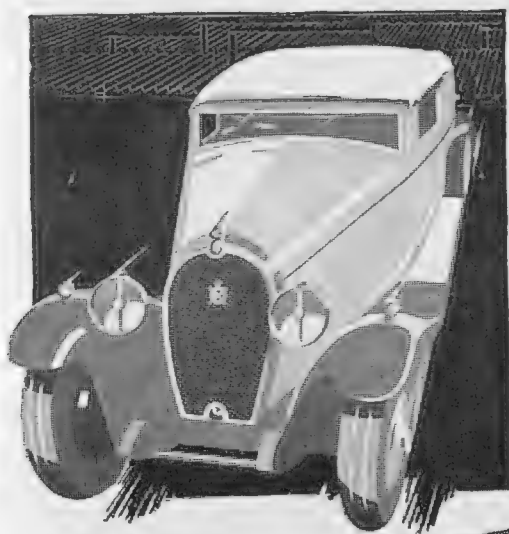
is a really wonderful plug. It reflects real progress in sparking plug design.

Whatever your car, English or American, whatever model, whatever year or h.p., the **K** plug will improve it!

**"FIT AND FORGET" THE K PLUG**

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K.19



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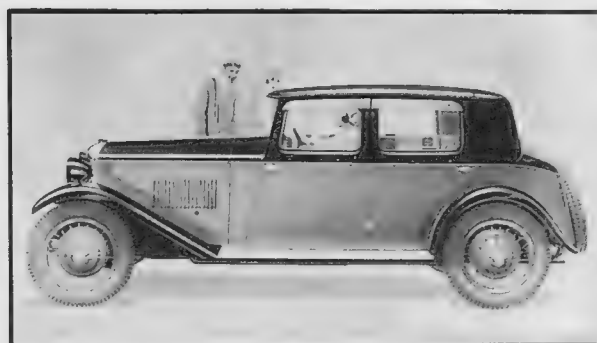
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No longer does the need exist for you to buy that large and more expensive car you thought essential.

Designed and built in Coventry and tested in the Alps, the



## ALPINE SIX

with its performance, smoothness and economy, will, in a single test, astonish the most discriminating motorist.

It offers you the opportunity of ensuring the highest possible performance at the lowest possible running costs, and its graceful lines, striking and individualistic design and lavish equipment will bring you an unequalled service and satisfaction.

We cordially invite you to put these statements to the test.

Catalogue awaits your call, and demonstration can be arranged through any Riley distributor or by direct application to us.

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SALOON,

HALF PANEL  
SALOON,  
OPEN TOURER.  
ALL AT £365.



*The Badge of*

*the Alpine Six*

## Motor Notes and News



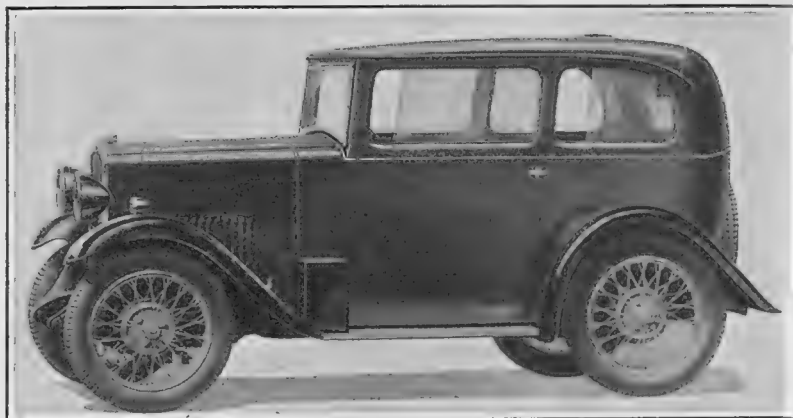
GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL MOTOR SHOW  
Which was held by Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., at their Maidstone showrooms  
from April 27 to May 2

Sir Malcolm Campbell is to drive the new Austin Seven racing-car in its attempts on speed records this year in place of Mr. S. C. H. Davis, who recently met with an unfortunate accident at Brooklands. It will be remembered that Sir Malcolm Campbell created a small-car record by driving a "baby" Austin at 94 m.p.h. after his capture of the world's land speed record at Daytona; and in the temporary incapacity of Mr. S. C. H. Davis he has, in the most sportsmanlike manner, offered his services to Sir Herbert Austin. Appropriately enough, the car he is to drive is modelled largely on his own *Bluebird* and is packed with new and ingenious features. Engine and transmission are set out of centre, allowing the driver to sit below the propeller-shaft level. His head will only be 41 in. from the ground. The body of the car is beautifully stream-lined and is the result of extensive wind-tunnel experiments.

A new Super Seven saloon, with particularly attractive lines, has just been placed on the market by the Triumph Company of Coventry, at the price of £159 10s., a picture of which model is given herewith.

The chassis is identical with that of the more expensive Triumphs, employing as it does an 832 c.c. engine (tax £8) with a three-bearing crankshaft, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, worm drive, shock absorbers all round, etc. It has a track of 3 ft. 6 in., and wheel base of 6 ft. 9 in. A very handsome saloon body is supplied, two wide doors allowing ease of access to both compartments. Wells sunk in the rear floor boards give ample leg-room, so that four people can be carried in comfort. The equipment includes finger-tip control, dip and switch head-lamps, concealed dash-board lighting, a safety-glass opening screen, and best quality cloth upholstery. The front seats are of the folding bucket type, independently adjustable, and the rear quarter lights, as well as the door windows, can be opened for ventilation purposes. There is also a roof ventilator. Chromium plating is employed for all external bright parts. In announcing the new car, Colonel C. V. Holbrook, director of the company, stated that it should make motoring possible for many families who have hitherto been unable to afford a medium-sized or big car, or to find sufficient accommodation in a "baby" car.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to grant his patronage to the International Motor Exhibition and Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition organized by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd.



THE NEW TRIUMPH SUPER SEVEN SALOON  
Which has been introduced at the price of £159 10s.

*"Wish I could jack like that....."*



Just tear out this advertisement and send to us with your name and address. We will then forward you full details of "Jackall."

You know, Henry, this 'Jackall' business is really wonderful. My dear, when you consider that with a few lazy strokes on the lever you can raise the entire car from the side, like that, well, it's . . . it's . . ."

"Amazing. You're right, Diana. Only last Friday, returning from the Club, I punctured in a muddy lane. If I had had to wallow under the car in the approved way, I fear what reputation I have for spotless language and clothes would have completely exploded!"

"More than probable! I'm going to ask 'Nunky' to fit 'Jackall' to Big Bertha—my dear, to anyone but a superman that car is quite unraisable. How any motorist can tolerate the conventional jack, I don't know—do you?"

Wheel changing, car washing, greasing, and brake-adjusting are all prey to the "Jackall" System. The care of the car simply takes half the time. It consists of four hydraulic jacks permanently fitted to the axles. These are controlled from a small box neatly sunk into the running board. The lever is snicked into position, a few strokes given and up goes the wheel you want! You can raise the entire car long before you can get a jack out of the tool-box, and without even soiling your hands! "JACKALL" RAISES ANY ONE WHEEL IN 15 SECONDS OR ALL FOUR IN 60 SECONDS.



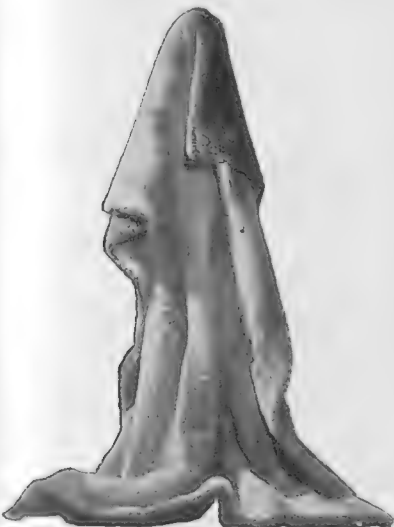
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**B**IG car coachwork, magnificent 15 h.p. six cylinder engine of aircraft quality and self-changing gear—giving acceleration such as you have never experienced before; these are three features which make the Armstrong Siddeley Short Fifteen far and away the greatest value obtainable at its price.

The self-changing gear alone puts this car beyond comparison. "I have had many cars during the last 24 years," writes one delighted owner, "and seen many changes and improvements, but this, to my mind, is the most wonderful of all."

If you have not yet proved for yourself the new joy in driving, which the self-changing gear brings, if you do not know the superb ease of handling, the luxurious comfort and the economy of this outstanding British six cylinder car, arrange a trial run to-day at any Armstrong Siddeley Agents.

Go over this car point by point, drive it over roads that you know and prove by actual comparison that it is the finest "fifteen" that money can buy.

Write for a copy of Catalogue B.141 and the Armstrong Siddeley 1931 Calendar and Mileage Chart.

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Manchester: 35, King Street West. Agents in all centres.

# ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

## A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF PICTURES

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the famous "Tatler" Artist.

Specially printed and mounted copies in colour of Mr. H. M. Bateman's clever series of pictures, which, in addition to that illustrated, includes—

- "The Guardsman who dropped it." "Stand Easy."
- "The Discovery of a Dandelion on the Centre Court at Wimbledon."
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- "The Favourite wins." "Figaro chez lui."
- "The Man who lit his Cigar before the Royal Toast."
- "The Man who Crept into the Royal Enclosure in a Bowler."
- "The Man who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews."
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- "Behind the Scenes at Wellington Barracks."
- "The Debutante," etc., etc.

Small reproductions in half-tone of the entire series will be sent post free on application. Size of work 14 ins. by 10 ins. on plate-sunk mounts 25 ins. by 20 ins. Copies 10/6 each. Signed artist's proofs 20/- each. Postage 6d. extra.



"The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz."

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## Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for £10 to give a dairy order for a regular supply of milk and eggs as well as some extra nourishment to a woman of sixty, who is desperately ill with cancer. Some eighteen months ago, after an operation, she was pronounced incurable, but last autumn she was so wonderfully better that she was about to restart daily work, when she was again taken ill and had to give in. She is a widow; her husband died three years ago from consumption. He served through the War, but she is not eligible for any pension. Her sons pay her rent and keep her going with necessities, but it is a struggle for them, and we want to ease their burden and relieve this poor invalid's mind for the last years of her life.



MR. GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.

The honour which has been bestowed upon Mr. George Belcher is very well deserved. He is holding an exhibition of his inimitable works at the Wertheim Galleries. It opened on May 1

The forthcoming International Colonial Exhibition which will be open from May to November in the lovely Vincennes Park, just under the eastern wall of Paris, will provide sportsmen of all tastes and countries with a unique rendezvous. The section of Metropolitan France will include a palace exhibiting European and French colonial hunting and fishing implements, trophies, and giving a hitherto unattempted review of the arts of the chase all the world over. The "big-fish" technique of the Pacific Islanders will prove particularly interesting to European fishermen. In the ingeniously planned zoological gardens, wild animals of many kinds from all over the world will roam, apparently at large in their own native habitat. Many magnificent big-game specimens, including hippos, zebras,

giraffes, elephants, and lions from equatorial Africa are now acclimatizing themselves to what will be their home for the next six months. A magnificent exhibit of diving birds, ostriches, and monkeys is now being installed, and trappers, fishermen, and hunters from all parts of the world have contributed to a remarkable collection of living animal which will be on view.

The famous Continental violinist, Edith Lorand, is making her debut in England with her Viennese orchestra of fifteen male performers in "Varieties en Fête" at the Alhambra this week. Miss Lorand and her players are Hungarians, and they come with impressive testimonials from the critics of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and from eminent composers of their own nationality like Lehar and Kalman. The conductress wears a crinoline while wielding the bâton. Others in the programme include that clever comedienne Miss Toots Pounds, Mr. Randolph Sutton, the phono-fiddle boys, Bennett and Williams, and Rabella (a boy juggler new to England). Lolita Benavente will introduce new dances, and Mr. Edwin Styles still remains as compère.



MR. ARNOLD DE BIERE

Underneath a group of well-known people in Shropshire and elsewhere published in our last issue, it was stated that they were judging at the North Shropshire Hunter Trials. This should have read at the Hunter Trials of the North and South Shropshire Hunts Branches of the Pony Club. The error was the transmitter's, not ours, but we regret that the information was not correct.

The Prince of Entertainers and the Entertainer of Princes, for he has appeared many times before Royal heads, especially H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and King Alfonso. De Biere, who is one of the leading magicians of the world, gave an excellent show at the Great Eight Staff Ball and Cabaret which was held recently

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SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

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## THE PUMP HOUSE HOTEL

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Beautiful Suites of Rooms. Bedrooms with Private Bathrooms.  
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LADY HONYWOOD, Managing Director.

SCOTLAND  
for scenery, history & romance

## A CITY OF MEMORIES

There is no city in the scurrying modern world more redolent of the stately gaieties and grim dramas of gone days than Edinburgh. It is dignified by its learning and beautified by the undying romance of its past. Hither come the travellers of the civilised globe, and not one, surely, that does not leave it strangely impressed. The Castle and the "Royal Mile" which leads up to it from Holyrood on the plain below dominate the City. Princes Street is a vista of loveliness at whatever hour of the day the stranger wanders in it.

## THE CAPITAL OF GOLF

Edinburgh has been described, *inter alia*, as "the capital of golf." It is not surprising, for from a base in Edinburgh one can play on thirty-eight different courses without an effort of travel, most of them first-class, some of them supreme, returning nightly to the North British Station Hotel and pursuing the subtle craft again next morning.

Imagine four men, a merry quartette, the sun shining, the larks in the air, the adventure of a new course daily (and such a course!), and return to the bridge-playing sitting room at night; the sense of increasing fitness.

ST. ANDREWS NORTH BERWICK GULLANE

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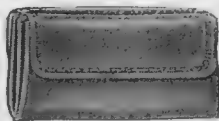
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## Handbags and Shoes en Suite



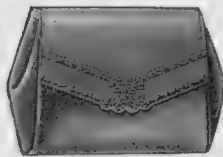
WELBECK TWIN BAG

WELBECK TWIN BAG. In the identical leathers of the shoe, with compartment one side for Glasses, Cheque-Book, Letters & the other side for Lip-stick, Puff etc with centre space for gloves & Handkerchief. Price ~ 63/-



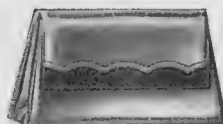
WELBECK

In Glace Kid with insertion of Alpina Lizard in Navy-Blue or Brown, available also in Black Doeskin—trimmed Patent. Price from 55/-



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TEIGNLEY BAG. In Black Doeskin in the identical leathers of the shoe, so made that it will not roll off the lap when seated. Price ~ 63/-



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Made in the identical leathers of the shoe & having a special rim on either side to prevent the escape of small coins etc. Price from 55/-



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Black Doeskin shoe to lace trimmed with Alpina Lizard to tone, medium high heel. Price from 57/-



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In a combination of Brown Seal skin and Calf, available also in Black Doeskin & Calf. Low Louis heel with Weltette double soles, extremely flexible. Price from 63/-



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## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

# “THE TATLER” FLYING SCHEME

“The Tatler” Flying Scheme has been a stupendous success. In spite of the fact that many aerodromes reached their limit within the first few days, applications have continued to pour in during the past week, and we must apologise again to those of our readers who were unlucky enough to be too late.

It is now possible to say that the Scheme is definitely closed at all aerodromes except the following:

**BLACKPOOL AND FYLDE AERO CLUB,**  
Stanley Park, Blackpool

**CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB,**  
Lympne, Kent

**HALDON SCHOOL OF FLYING,**  
Haldon Aerodrome, Teignmouth

**HAMPSHIRE AEROPLANE CLUB,**  
Hamble Aerodrome, Southampton

**LEICESTER AERO CLUB,**  
Desford Aerodrome, Leicester

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AERO CLUB,**  
Cramlington Aerodrome, Newcastle

**NORFOLK AND NORWICH AERO CLUB,**  
Mousehold Aerodrome, Norwich

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AERO CLUB,**  
Sywell Aerodrome, Northampton

By the time that this issue is published it is possible that these may be full, too, so readers are advised to telephone before going along in order to avoid disappointment.

The necessary form of application and particulars are not reprinted in this issue, but will be found in the April 15th and 22nd issues of “The Tatler,” copies of which can be obtained through any newsagent or direct from The Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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82, REGENT ST. (Opp. Piccadilly Hotel).	
98, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET (Opp. Derry & Tombs).	
131, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER, W.2 (Opposite Whiteleys).	
85, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., S.W.1	

By the House of  
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# OVERCOATS & SUITS

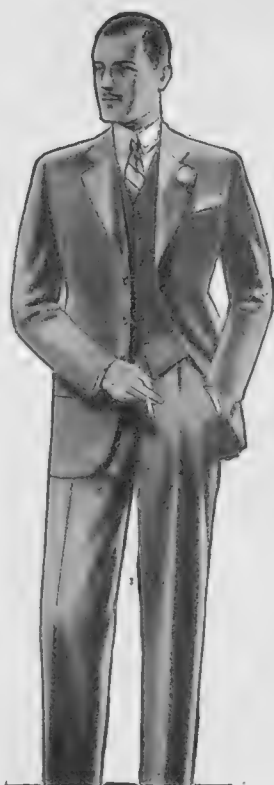
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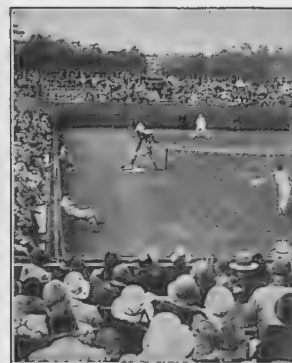
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Tomorrow—squeeze a little Mennen Shaving Cream (or Mennen Mentholized for a brisker, COOLER shave)—on your brush—use plenty of water—and you'll feel like whistling all day!

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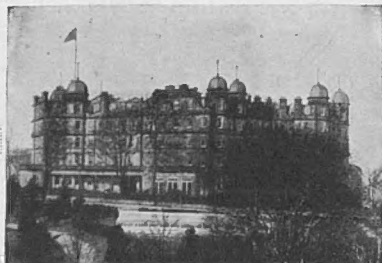
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## "Almost Apoplectic with delight" . . . .

"You know the dear old Duchess? . . . I've made a friend of her for life, Ted. Yes. It was at Sandown. There she was on the lawn, waving lorgnettes and betting cards and what-nots. Looking for some kind bookie to take her bet on an outsider. Your little angel Angela flew to the rescue and I wired hers with mine to 'Duggie' . . . Her animal started 33's and by some miracle got second to the 6-to-4-on favourite . . . Ever seen a Duchess with a beaming countenance, Ted? . . . Yes. All over! And she became almost apoplectic with delight when I told her 'Duggie' would give her the full odds of 8 to 1 for a place. She netted over £70 instead of £15, for her own man never gives more than 5 to 2 a place in odds-on favourite races . . .

She thinks 'Duggie' is wonderful, and he's put her, with other pages of Burke's, on his book."

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